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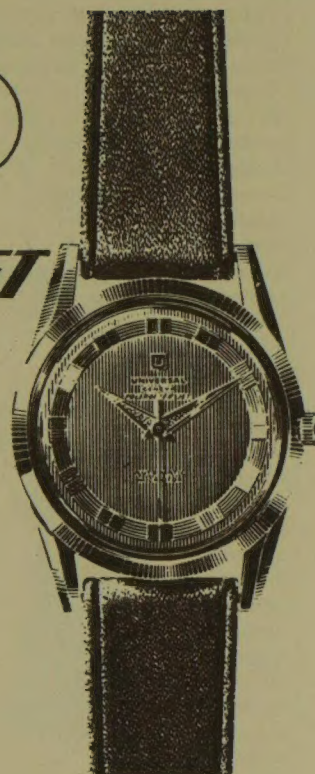
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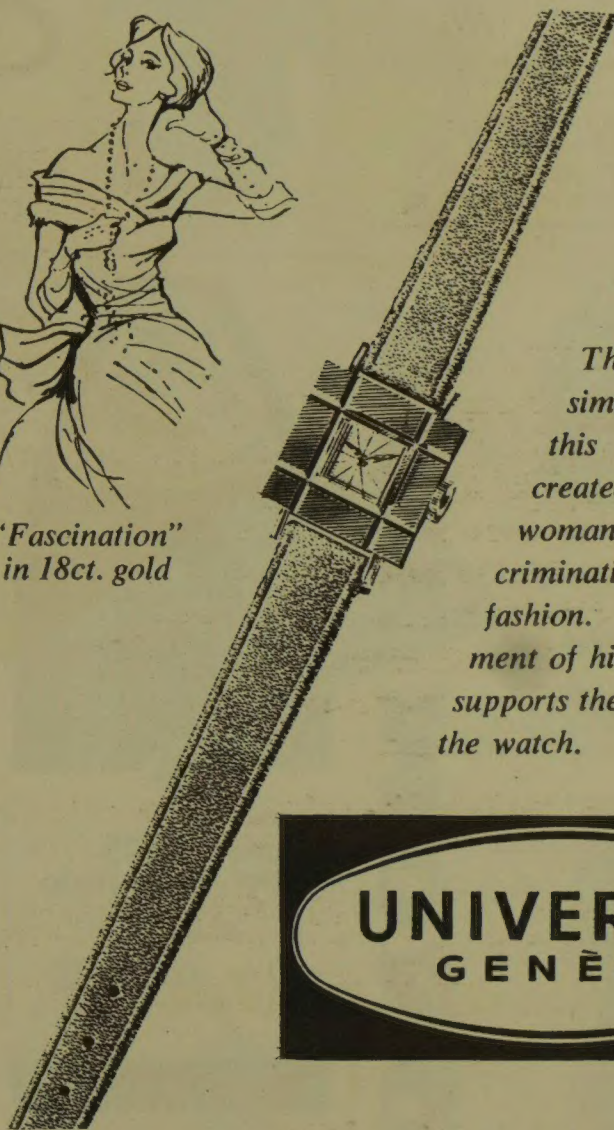
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Socks in the Sunshine!

NANNY Stilwell sat up in bed, found her spectacles and opened the letter. From Sir Timothy. "...and you know perfectly well you can afford it. Here's something towards it, but, when you went and looked after Lady M's little horrors, you must have salted quite a bit away! Christine's baby is due soon, and I think you should take a trip out to Durban to help her, and to help that old cough of yours, too!"

South Africa! Sir Timothy was quite right, and it was like him to be so generous. But she could do the rest of it on her savings, easily.

The Post Office *was* surprised, but they got her money out in three days. Then to the Union-Castle offices in London. Then...

Sir Timothy got a postcard from her at Las Palmas. She was having a wonderful trip, and the sunshine was already doing her cough a lot of good, and the food! She was knitting Sir Timothy a pair of socks!

Another letter arrived from Durban. Christine's baby was a wonder. Nanny was so glad she went out, though... Christine hadn't any idea,

really! The boy was just like Christine's father! And some friends of Christine's were coming back on the boat with their children and paying Nanny the equivalent of the fare back to look after them!!

On board again, Nanny wasn't able to do all that amount of sitting and snoozing. The two little girls

Nanny Stilwell's holiday to South Africa

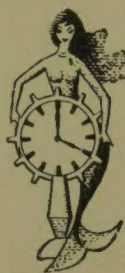
were a handful, and that artful! But the Nursery looked after them a lot of the time; and, after they were in bed, Nanny enjoyed the films, and watching the dancers, and knitting. Somebody, perhaps from her passport, had discovered that her birthday was during the trip, and the bakers made her a huge cake, with a mermaid in icing on it.

She arrived in London, much sun-tanned, sent Sir Timothy his socks (strong and scratchy)



with another long letter about her trip... especially the Union-Castle parts. She forgot to tell him she had shaken off her cough, after fifteen long, troublesome years of it!

the going's good by



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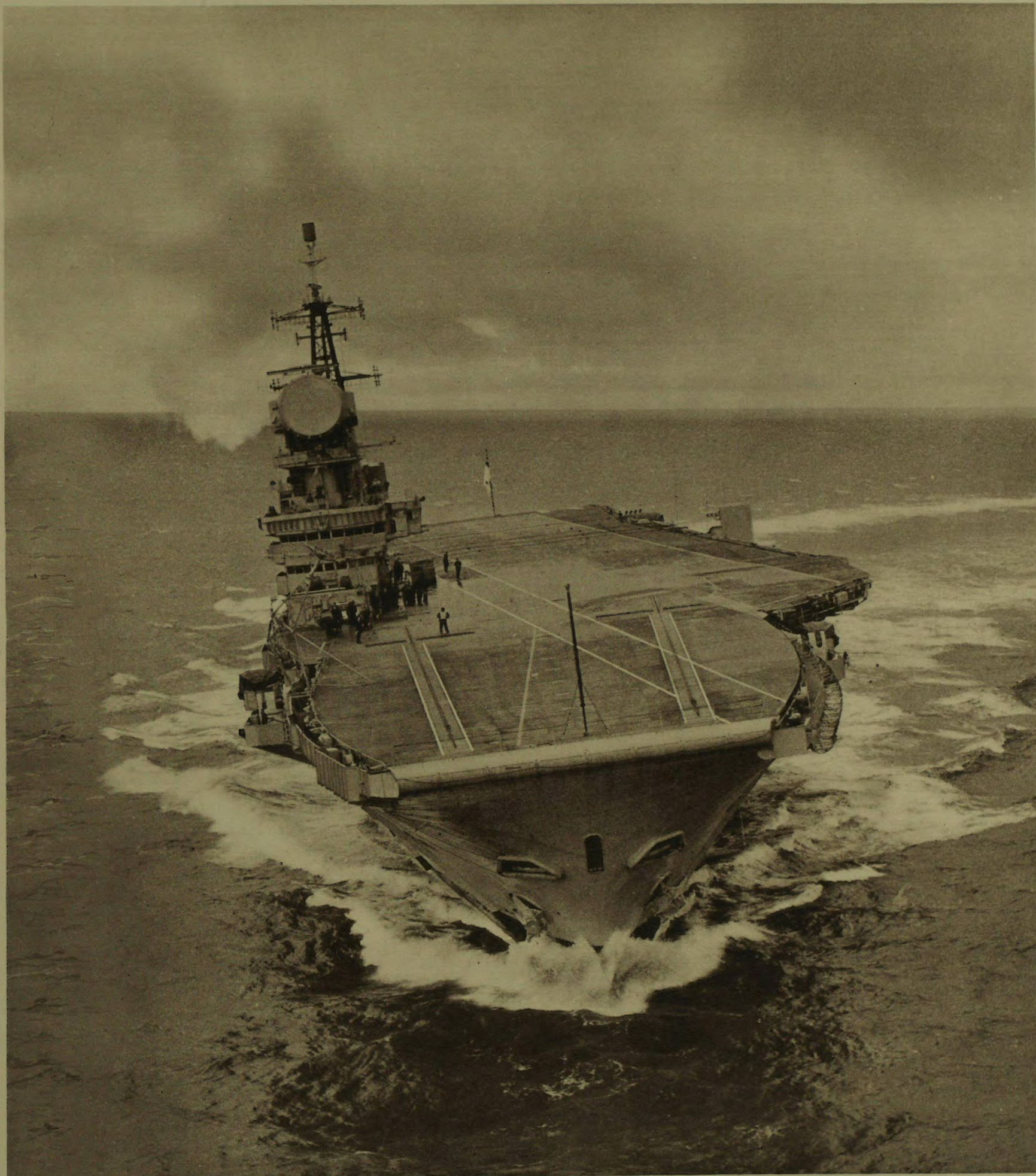
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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1959.



HERMES JOINS THE FLEET: THE ROYAL NAVY'S NEWEST AIRCRAFT CARRIER HEELS MAJESTICALLY IN A TIGHT TURN AT SPEED OFF THE ISLE OF WIGHT AFTER HER FORMAL ACCEPTANCE ON NOVEMBER 18.

On November 18, in accordance with naval tradition, the aircraft carrier *Hermes* (22,000 tons) was handed over to the Royal Navy by her builders, Vickers-Armstrongs (Shipbuilders) Ltd., of Barrow-in-Furness, in open water about 20 miles off the Isle of Wight, and after Captain David Tibbits, R.N., who will command her on her first commission, had signed for her, the Red Duster was lowered and the White Ensign run up while Royal Marine buglers sounded the General Salute. *Hermes* was originally laid

down at the end of the war but work was stopped and she was launched in 1953 by Lady Churchill so that Vickers could clear their slipway. As later remodelled and completed, she incorporates all the latest refinements of carrier design, including a fully-angled flight deck, two steam catapults, mirror-sight landing-aid and her own liquid oxygen plant for supplying high-altitude aircraft. She has a system of remote control whereby the whole complement can be protected while sailing through an atomic cloud.

Postage—Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 5½d. (These rates apply as The Illustrated London News is registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

I WAS reading the other day about what seemed to me a most admirable project. One of our larger London stores, it was reported, had taken a pleasant house and garden in a fashionable nearby street and turned it into a club for its employees. But instead of the time-honoured dart-boards and ping-pong tables of the normal institution of this kind it has been furnished with antiques and given all the elegances and amenities of an aristocratic house and of what our mid-20th-century Grub Street calls "gracious living." The girls behind the counter when they leave the store, instead of toiling in crowded tube or bus back to the suburbs where they mostly live, can now, if they wish to spend an evening "in town," repair to their club and change and sup there before going to dance or cinema. And during the week-end they can enjoy its amenities and bring their friends there, and all this by virtue of their service to the shop and for a very modest subscription.

Such a project shows much imagination and suggests, I feel, a real answer to one of the most baffling conundrums of our time. For though this is *par excellence*, in theory, an age of equality, in the ultimate or higher values that most matter to human beings there is probably less true equality in this country than there has been for a very long time. This may sound a paradoxical statement to make about our vaunted welfare state and epoch. Yet I believe it, by and large, to be true. For though in the secondary things of life the former "poor" have "never had it so good" and the former "rich" never been so mulcted in taxation, in matters that most concern human hearts and human pride there is a deep cleavage in our nation. There are "top people," people "going places," to use the revolting cant of our snob newsheets and advertisements, people of discernment who know what's best and insist on getting it, and then there are the great grey mass of ordinary, undistinguishing, undistinguished folk for whom the cheap mass market exists. And the former, or so we are told, live graciously and the rest, satisfied as to mere quantity, are too "dumb" and undiscerning to bother about quality.

Now I am no enemy to gracious living. If "top people," those, that is, who not only keep up with the Joneses but surpass them, can develop an aristocratic taste for good houses, furniture, clothes, pictures, landscape, wines, I can only rejoice that they should do so and welcome it with enthusiasm as an advance in civilisation. Aristocracy only means the power of the best, and aristocratic living is only another phrase for making the utmost that can be made of life. But the essence of the Christian faith is that the opportunity for making the best of life should be offered to every man and woman, regardless of wealth or status. And in the past, when we were still predominantly a Christian people, every Christian believed that the thing that mattered most to everyone was the Christian faith, and that the successful practice of that faith was every whit as open to a pauper or an uneducated man as the greatest prince, noble

or scholar. When men and women made their weekly confession and profession of faith in church, the squire might sit in his private pew and his tenants and their workers crowd on to the ordinary benches, but no one for a moment supposed that the squire was a better man in the eyes of God because he had great possessions or a title; so far as his future in the eternal scheme of things was concerned, he stood on a footing of equality with the meanest churl on his estate. The Prince of Life, as our forbears believed it, had been a vagrant born in the manger of a poor village inn in which there was no room for him

great majority—were genuinely convinced that it was a thousand times more worth-while to live an honest life and have a well-founded hope of an eternal future than to live in a castle and consume champagne and quails during this brief transitory existence. They did not feel themselves to be fundamentally inferior to the rich, because they did not accept wealth, rank or power as a fundamental criterion of value. To-day while so many of the immense inequalities of wealth of 19th-century Britain have been eradicated by penal taxation and social legislation, only a small minority believe that a man's place in the scheme

of things is to be measured by his moral worth, by his place, that is, in the Kingdom of Heaven. Instead, everything is graded according to his worldly possessions and standard of living. One has only to read the popular Press to realise just how far this process has gone; the doings of the wealthy, or supposedly wealthy, of what are called "socialites" or people "in the public eye," are recorded in the gossip and news columns with a wealth of detail, half gloating, half envious, that makes the snobbery of a hundred years ago almost trifling in comparison. If a rich man's house is mentioned in a newspaper the number of rooms is set out as a kind of distinguishing adjective, while his flat is almost invariably preceded by the word "luxury." And with the emphasis always laid on a man's possessions and the splash he makes in displaying them, it isn't surprising that those who lack these advantages are rather contemptuous of society and this materialistic polity in which there seems no place for them. Anything, therefore, that tends to make the educational advantages of wealth, especially the elegance and culture which at its best it supports, more widely enjoyed is to be commended. For, in the absence of spiritual belief and awareness, an understanding and appreciation of beautiful things of quality in



A VERY FAMOUS OLD HARROVIAN RECEIVING A WARM FAREWELL AFTER HIS VISIT TO HIS OLD SCHOOL: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL BEING CHEERED BY HARROVIAN AS HE LEFT AFTER ATTENDING THE ANNUAL "SONGS."

In spite of thick fog, Sir Winston Churchill made his nineteenth visit since 1940 to his old school, Harrow, where he attended the annual "Songs." Sir Winston joined in the singing of the final song "Forty Years On," which contained the verse "Sixty Years On," specially written for his eightieth birthday.

and his lowly parents: and it was He whom rich and poor, top and low people alike, called "Our Lord" and on whom they believed their eternal future, if they tried to follow in his footsteps, depended. The humblest shepherd or husbandman who followed in Christ's footsteps was known by himself and his fellow Christians to be a better man and one with a far finer and more assured future than the lord of many acres who offended against God and his neighbour and broke the Christian law. In those days people genuinely believed that the righteous man, however lowly, should be made perfect and take his place, after this brief terrestrial life was over, in God's kingdom among the elect.

Now I know there was often much hypocrisy in all this, and that this simple but widely-held belief was sometimes used, as Marxists claim, to deceive the simple into letting the rich hog the good things of this life while the ruck of mankind, poor deluded dupes, passively and needlessly accepted an inferior and cruelly unsatisfactory lot. Yet the fact remains that those who believed the Christian thesis—and in those days they were the

craftsmanship and in the works of nature and man's hands are certainly worth seeking after. The more widely their appreciation can be spread and a sense of quality in living and work be generated among the great mass of men, the richer society will be and the stronger founded. It is not right, and is a waste of human capacity, that awareness of beauty and quality and the elegances and refinements of living should be confined to a small minority while the majority are condemned to ugly streets, ill-furnished houses, badly-cooked food and boorish manners. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." And whenever the man in the cloth cap and the girl behind the counter or at the factory bench is given the opportunity to appreciate and enjoy the best that life can offer, society is fulfilling the great end for which it was intended—the unity and betterment of man. "To make men love their country," said Burke, "we must make their country lovely."



THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET IN GUILDHALL ON NOVEMBER 16: THE MAGNIFICENT SCENE AS MR. MACMILLAN MADE HIS SPEECH ON THE INTERNATIONAL SITUATION.

The guests at the top table were (left to right): Mr. Selwyn Lloyd (in front of the policeman), two unidentified guests, the wife of the Peruvian Ambassador, the Peruvian Ambassador, Lady Hailsham, Lord Hailsham, Lady Kilmuir, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lady Dorothy

Macmillan, Sir Harold Gillett, the retiring Lord Mayor; Sir Edmund Stockdale, the Lord Mayor; Mr. Harold Macmillan, the Lady Mayoress, Lord Kilmuir, Mrs. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Butler. In his speech Mr. Macmillan spoke of the improvement in the international situation.



DR. ADENAUER AND MR. MACMILLAN AT THE ANGLO-GERMAN BALL ON NOVEMBER 17 DURING THE WEST GERMAN CHANCELLOR'S VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY.

After the first discussions with Mr. Macmillan at Downing Street on the day of his arrival on November 17, Dr. Adenauer attended the Anglo-German Ball where he is shown here.

From left to right are: Mr. Duncan Sandys, the Minister of Aviation; Dr. Konrad Adenauer; Field Marshal Earl Alexander; and Mr. Harold Macmillan, the Prime Minister.

STRENGTHENING ANGLO-GERMAN RELATIONS BEFORE THE SUMMIT CONFERENCE: SCENES OF DR. ADENAUER'S VISIT TO LONDON.

LONDON FANTASIES; SCOTCH SALMON; AND A NEW VERSATILE AIRCRAFT FROM CANADA.



THE LIGHTS OF CHRISTMAS GO ON IN LONDON—ON TRIAL ON NOVEMBER 15. THE GREAT CHANDELIERS OF REGENT STREET, THIS YEAR'S THEME OF THE REGENT STREET ASSOCIATION, WHICH WERE TO GO ON OFFICIALLY ON NOVEMBER 26.



MORE SALMON FOR THE TAY AND TUMMEL: A NEW SALMON HATCHERY, NEAR THE PITLOCHRY DAM, OPENED BY THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND HYDRO-ELECTRIC BOARD.

In this hatchery eggs stripped from the female salmon at Lubreech, Glen Lyon, Perthshire, by the Tay Salmon Fisheries Board, are cared for and brought on until they reach the appropriate date for transference to spawning grounds in the Tay and Tummel.



THE DHC-4 CARIBOU IN FLIGHT. THIS NEW VERSATILE AIRCRAFT CAN BE USED AS AIRLINER, TROOP-CARRIER AND GOODS AND VEHICLE FREIGHTER.



A DREAM-LIKE SCENE BY THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT: IN A GONDOLA FROM STRATFORD-ON-AVON, A LIGHTWEIGHT SCOOTER FROM ITALY (CALLED CAPRI AND COMPLETE WITH BEAUTIFUL ITALIAN MODEL) SAILS GRAVELY DOWN-THAMES.



A CARIBOU AIRCRAFT MADE BY THE DE HAVILLAND COMPANY OF CANADA, FOR OPERATING FROM SHORT IMPROVED AIRSTRIPS, DEMONSTRATED AT HATFIELD ON NOVEMBER 12. This twin-engine passenger-cargo aircraft is capable of carrying payloads of over 3 tons but is unique in its ability to operate from short improvised airstrips, and can land and take off in zero wind in 1020 ft. and over a 50-ft. obstacle.

THE EPSTEIN STUDIO PROPOSAL; A NOVEL "LAUNCHING"; AND OTHER NEWS ITEMS.



IN ONE OF THE GALLERIES OF THE NEW NORTH BLOCK OF THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, IN SOUTH KENSINGTON: VISITORS EXAMINING EXHIBITS IN THE COLLECTION OF MAMMALS. The recently-opened new North Block of the Natural History Museum, in Cromwell Road, South Kensington, consists of a general library, a lecture theatre, rooms for the Zoological Department and a new mammal section—of which we show one of the galleries.



IN A STOKERS' MESS IN THE ROYAL NAVY'S NEWEST CARRIER H.M.S. HERMES. THIS SHOWS THE BUNKS, BOTH DOWN, AND STOWED AWAY. Our front page shows H.M.S. *Hermes* at sea. This magnificent new carrier, which has cost about £20,000,000, will have a full complement of 189 officers and 1643 ratings. Much of her cost has gone in improving the living conditions.



DOMINATING THE STUDIO OF THE LATE SIR JACOB EPSTEIN: THE MODEL OF THE HUGE "PAN" GROUP WHICH THE ARTIST COMPLETED JUST BEFORE HE DIED, IN AUGUST OF THIS YEAR. The garden studio of the late Sir Jacob Epstein, now dominated by the huge "Pan" group which was designed to stand near the new Bowater building in Knightsbridge, may become a permanent memorial to him if a suitable trust fund can be organised. An appeal for money may be launched.



PLACED IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL FOR THE EPSTEIN MEMORIAL SERVICE ON NOVEMBER 10: THE PLASTER MODEL OF EPSTEIN'S "CHRIST."



WORK RESUMED ON LONDON'S FIRST "TRAVOLATOR"—A MOVING PAVEMENT RUNNING FROM THE BANK TRAIN-STOP TO THE POULTRY BOOKING HALL. WORK IS GOING ON ROUND THE CLOCK. This "travolator," which will provide a two-minute ride in place of the present subway, with its ascents and descents, is expected to be in operation by August 1960. Work on it had been broken off in 1957 owing to the restriction in capital expenditure.



A NOVEL LAUNCHING CEREMONY FOR SUNDERLAND: THREE-YEAR-OLD PETER MANN (AND HIS TEDDY-BEAR) RELEASE THE CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE AND NAME THE SHIP. When the 13,500-ton motor ship *La Laguna* was recently launched at Bartram's Shipyard, Sunderland—a dry launch, owing to the rough weather—it was a small boy in a white coat who performed the task usually reserved for adult notables.

THE brief visit of Dr. Adenauer to this country began on November 17. The least instructed observer realised that the atmosphere was clearer and happier than could have been expected a month earlier. The various exchanges of view which had preceded the visit and Press discussions, even when somewhat acrimonious, had been useful. Both Governments had already found that the differences between them, while not unimportant, were less fundamental than they had appeared at first sight and that some of them were not difficult to bridge. One minor point is worth mention. When the old gentleman put his foot on the doorstep, much of the less balanced criticism to which he had been subjected came to an end. The nearer at hand he is, the more his stature is appreciated.

In looking forward to a conference between West and East three major subjects came to mind. They are disarmament, Berlin, the future of Germany. Another question, which will not be on the agenda but which closely affects the future of Western Europe, is that of trade relations. It has assuredly been examined in the course of the conversations. A large proportion of the time must have been given to technical arrangements and procedure, and to reconciling divergent ideas. The visit of Mr. Selwyn Lloyd to Paris had already contributed to the last-named task. No good results were likely to emerge from the conference without this preliminary.

I will begin with the more or less domestic question of trade relations, because the other topics are more closely related to each other, but must deal with it in a few words. The Federal Chancellor seeks integration in Western Europe from the Common Market and feels that a pact with the seven of the Free Trade Area is a possibility. Britain, a leading member of the Seven, does not object in principle to the political links which are in Dr. Adenauer's mind, but regards with strong dislike any prospect of a serious barrier between the two communities. It should be possible to avoid this. On the other hand, it would be unrealistic to suppose that any close association between the two groups can be achieved in the near future. This would be a long and arduous task.

As regards the agenda for a Summit Meeting, Dr. Adenauer's position is simple. He wants to see general disarmament written at his head, the first item. This is clear and unquestioned. The rest may be put forward with confidence, but without as much hard evidence, partly because on some facets of the question he has to restrain his tongue. He desires to avoid further negotiation and still more stop-gap agreements on the subject of Berlin while the great topic holds the floor, largely because he fears that rights may be abandoned as payment for compromises which may be harmful and are unlikely to be of any permanent value. He is prepared to keep in the background and postpone the question of Germany's future.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR'S LONDON VISIT.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

I am convinced that he is right in starting with disarmament, in desiring that this should be chiefly a disarmament conference. Here he differs from General de Gaulle, who desires that the conference should be "comprehensive"—though we now know that, through his fault and not ours, we began by misinterpreting to some extent his aspirations in this field. As for Berlin, it is hard to see how it can be omitted altogether. It was Berlin that set the present discussions in train. If, as is likely, Mr. Khrushchev wants it discussed at the Summit Conference, then discussed it will have to be. German reunification is indeed rightly left in the background. No one other than Dr. Adenauer could have agreed that this should be so, and even he cannot say the words outright.

under all its Supreme Allied Commanders has been convinced of this. Western Germany is now largely rearmed, and it is desirable that the contingents of her allies should stand in contact with her forces and share their dispositions and problems. Disengagement does not necessarily lead to neutralisation, though neutralisation

clearly leads to disengagement. Disengagement means a drawing back of the allied forces now taking part in the defence of Germany. It would not of itself put an end to the role of these forces or of co-operation with Germany.

My own view is that advocacy of disengagement has become untimely and that advocacy of neutralisation is mischievous. The former is unwelcome to Western Germany and the latter is abhorrent to Dr. Adenauer and the Federal Government. That Government has, with the assent and encouragement of its allies, improved the prospects of the defence not only of Germany but of all Western and Southern Europe. In theory, a limited measure of disengagement would not be objectionable from the military point of

view, though it probably would be from the political. Neutralisation is in any case out of the question for a long time to come, and to hold it as a Joker in the pack would be a grave mistake. People talk of the peril of "throwing Germany into Russia's arms." [I do not say that this is a present risk, but advocacy of neutralisation might make it one.

If we believe in the policy of disarmament, we must also see that it provides a way round the impasse. Any measure of disarmament in which Western Germany stood as an equal partner with her allies would contribute to such an easing of the situation. I agree that progress with disarmament may not come up to the hopes of optimists and may, indeed, fall far below them. All that I say is that this is the most promising line for all, Soviet Russia included, to

follow, and that it is also the line which accords with the desires of Western Germany and does her justice. To drive her to despair by putting forward solutions which would leave her in thrall either to Russia or to her allies would be disastrous militarily, politically, and ideologically.

If these considerations are correctly argued—and I feel as well satisfied with them as one can hope to be when facing a situation so complex and fraught with so many difficulties—then there is much to be said for the programme of Dr. Adenauer. That programme does not appear to conflict seriously with the ideas of the British Prime Minister. It would, and I hope I may be bold enough to say that it will, benefit from them. Mr. Macmillan does not expect swift and sweeping results. He believes that the monolithic threat of doom overhanging the world cannot be quickly removed, but that it can be gradually worn down by the pickaxes of good will and diplomacy. I have heard no other proposals equally wise and promising.



A CULTURAL EXCHANGE BETWEEN ARMIES: MEN OF THE U.S. ARMY 7TH CAVALRY, WHICH IS STARTING ITS OWN PIPE BAND, RECEIVING TUITION FROM A PIPER OF THE ROYAL INNISKILLING FUSILIERS IN HIS DIFFICULT ART.

Five clarinetists of the U.S. Army 7th Cavalry, a regiment which was formed by General George Custer largely from Irish emigrants in the last century, are now receiving tuition from the pipers of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. Both regiments have been stationed in Germany. The American pipers will also wear the saffron kilt and other accoutrements of dress as worn by Regiments of the Royal Irish Brigade.

A great dilemma has hung over Germany from the moment when men's minds first began to adjust themselves to the future after the Second World War. Soviet Russia will agree to no terms for the reunification of Germany which make it militarily stronger; Mr. Khrushchev may indeed not be prepared to countenance any terms which do not bring Soviet Russia advantages. Western Germany will not on any account submit to a reunification solution on the terms which Russia has from time to time suggested. Statesmanship would be barren if it had not applied itself to this problem. One proposal has been that there should be some form of military "disengagement" in Central Europe. A kindred but far more sweeping design has been the establishment of some form of neutrality for this area.

Disengagement has certain obvious political advantages. At first sight its defensive advantages may also appear to be considerable, but further examination leads to doubt on this matter. From the strategic point of view the room afforded by the present arrangements is valuable. N.A.T.O.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.

(Right.)

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

A WINTRY OPERATION ON THE ICE-COVERED AMERICAN TANKER, *TAURUS*: A DOCK-HAND REMOVING ICE FORMATIONS FROM THE DECK RIGGING. THE TANKER HAD ACQUIRED THIS VERY UNSEASONABLE COVERING DURING ITS VOYAGE FROM CLEVELAND, OHIO.



(Below.)

OHIO, U.S.A.

TO ACCUSTOM SPACE PILOTS TO THE CONDITIONS OF SPACE FLIGHT: A MACHINE WHICH CAN SPIN IN ANY DIRECTION AT 70 R.P.M.

We show here, and right, two of the devices concerned with the training of pilots for "Project Mercury" of the American National Aeronautics and Space Agency—a device for training the pilot for spinning flight and a technique for landing in the ocean on return.



MISSOURI, U.S.A. HOW A SPACE PILOT WILL EMERGE FROM THE CAPSULE OF A MANNED ROCKET. THE SELF-INFLATING SPHERES ARE DESIGNED TO KEEP THE CAPSULE AFLOAT



SOUTH AFRICA. EXAMINING AN X-RAY NEGATIVE WHICH PROVED THAT THEY HAD SUCCESSFULLY MANUFACTURED A SYNTHETIC INDUSTRIAL DIAMOND: FOUR SCIENTISTS OF DE BEERS. At the De Beers Adamant Laboratory, Johannesburg, scientists have successfully manufactured synthetic diamonds. Such stones are for industrial purposes only, and at the moment the whole process is still at the laboratory stage. No gem diamonds will be made.



ISSY-LES-MOULINEAUX, NEAR PARIS. A RARE—AND VERY TASTY—GIANT TURTLE FROM TROPICAL SEAS FOR SALE AT A FRENCH FISHMONGER'S. KNOWN AS A LUTH OR LEATHERY TURTLE, IT IS A MEMBER OF THE LARGEST LIVING SPECIES, AND REACHES A LENGTH OF 8 FT. AND A WEIGHT OF ALMOST A TON.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



NEW HAMPSHIRE, U.S.A. SKI-ING ON LAND: A SKIER BEGINNING A "CHRISTY" TURN ON THE 60-METRE JUMP IN THE BELKNAP MOUNTAINS RECREATION CENTRE.

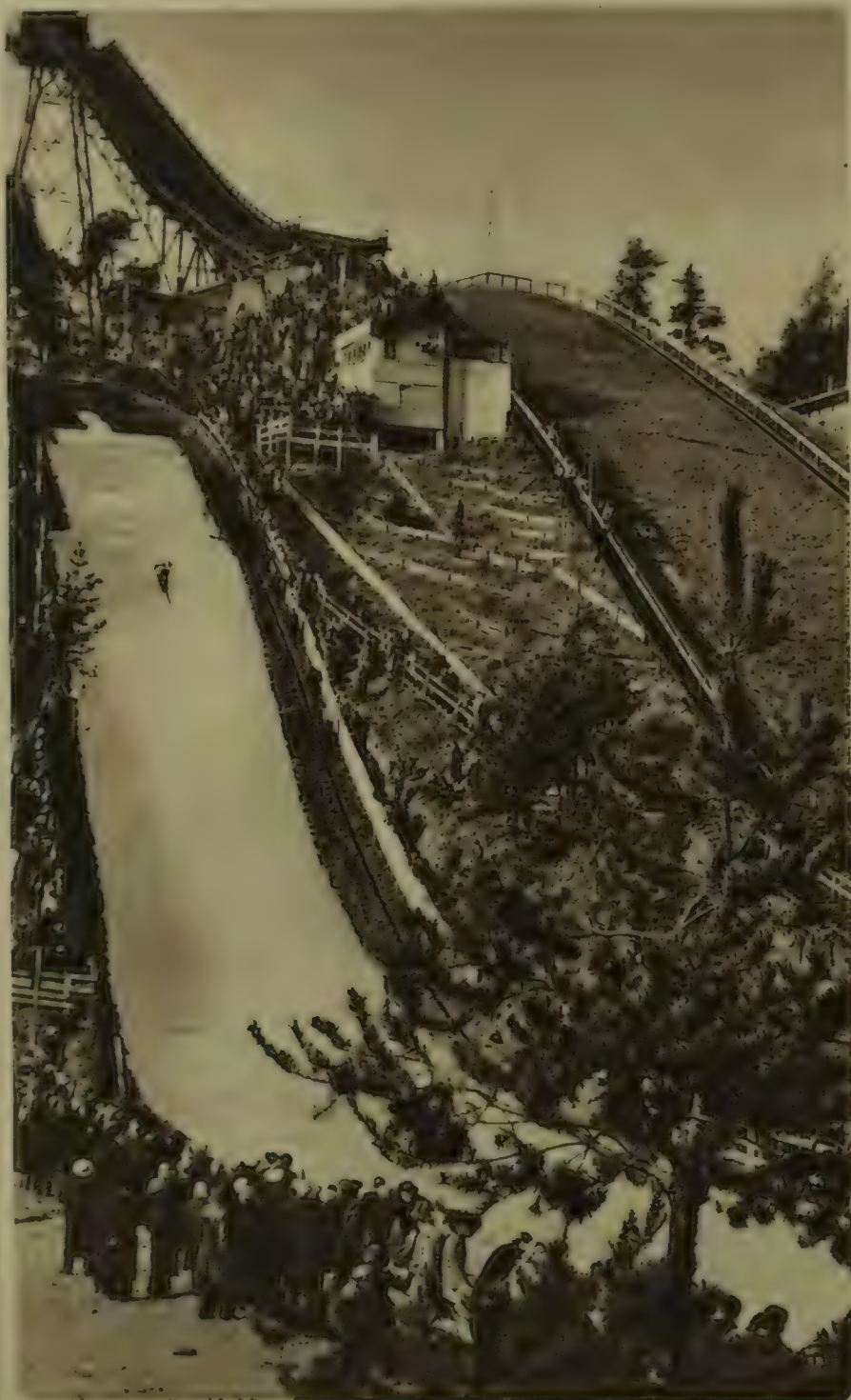


U.S.A. FOR LAND SKI-ING: A CLOSE VIEW OF A REAR WHEEL WHICH CAN BE REALISTICALLY SWIVELLED. With the aid of the ingenious apparatus illustrated in the photographs above, Americans are now able to "ski" during the summer. The land skis, invented by Mr. Leslie Wood, of Birmingham, Alabama, where snow is rarely seen, are proving increasingly popular in the United States, particularly in the South.

Photographs from Gardner Soule, New York City.



NEW HAMPSHIRE, U.S.A. LAND SKIS DEMONSTRATED ON A SNOW-LESS SURFACE. THEY CAN BE USED ON LAWNS, GOLF COURSES, STREETS AND ON HILLY GROUND.



NEAR LENINGRAD, U.S.S.R. A SKI-JUMP COVERED WITH A SPECIAL TYPE OF PLASTIC INSTEAD OF THE MORE USUAL SNOW: AN INGENIOUS WAY OF COMBATING UNCO-OPERATIVE WEATHER NOW BEING USED BY SKIERS IN THE TOKSOVO SETTLEMENT OUTSIDE THE CITY.



DERRUTA, ITALY. NEARLY 200 MINIATURE SPOUTED JUGS SKILFULLY BALANCED: AN EVERY-DAY—BUT NONE THE LESS VERY DELICATE—ACTIVITY AT A POTTERY IN A SMALL TOWN IN THE UMBRIAN REGION.



BUDAPEST, HUNGARY. A PRIZE-WINNING PHOTOGRAPH OF A RIVER OF LOGS: "TIMBER FLOATING," AN IMPRESSIVE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY M. V. SAVOSTIANOV OF THE SOVIET UNION AND EXHIBITED AT THE THIRD INTERNATIONAL ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY EXHIBITION.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



WESTERN GERMANY. A FINE STUDY OF DR. ADENAUER, WHO HAS BEEN PAYING A VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY.

The Chancellor of the Federal German Republic, Dr. Adenauer, arrived in London, via Gatwick Airport, on November 17 for a two-day visit to this country. The purpose of his visit was a series of talks held with the Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, chiefly on the improvement of Anglo-German relations, on progress towards the Summit, and on problems of trade between this country and Germany. The atmosphere in Bonn before the visit, both as voiced by the Government and by the Press,

showed a marked improvement towards this country compared with that of the past year. Dr. Adenauer, who is eighty-three, has been Chancellor since 1949. He had a long experience of German politics before the war until the Nazi regime. His position in his party seems unimpaired by his brush with Dr. Erhard this summer, when he decided not to retire. From his talks with Mr. Macmillan it is to be hoped that smoother relations between this country and West Germany may result. (Photograph by Katherine Young.)

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



NAIROBI, KENYA. SIR PATRICK RENISON BEING SWORN IN AS THE GOVERNOR AND C-IN-C. OF KENYA: THE CEREMONY IN FRONT OF THE NAIROBI LAW COURTS ON OCTOBER 23.



NAIROBI, KENYA. SIR PATRICK RENISON, THE GOVERNOR OF KENYA, MEETING REPRESENTATIVES OF THE KENYA LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL AFTER HE HAD BEEN SWORN IN. Since Sir Patrick Renison was sworn in as Governor of Kenya on October 23, his first major act has been the announcement of the end of the state of emergency on November 10. He has been having talks on next year's Constitutional Conference on the future of Kenya.

(Right)
MONTE CARLO,
MONACO.

THE OPENING OF A CONFERENCE ON THE DISPOSAL OF RADIOACTIVE WASTE, IN THE OCEANOGRAPHIC MUSEUM OF MONACO BY PRINCE RAINIER ON NOVEMBER 16.

A conference on the disposal of radioactive waste, which was organised jointly by the International Atomic Energy Agency and UNESCO, was opened by Prince Rainier in the Oceanographic Museum of Monaco on November 16. The conference lasted until November 21. Over 280 delegates from 31 nations and 11 international organisations took part in this conference and they discussed the problems of the possible dangers of the disposal of radioactive waste and the ways of dealing with them.



TEHERAN, IRAN. THE PRESIDENT OF PAKISTAN WITH HIS HOST THE SHAH AFTER HE HAD RECEIVED AN HONORARY DEGREE DURING HIS STATE VISIT TO IRAN. The President of Pakistan, General Ayub Khan (left), received an honorary degree from Teheran University during his ten-day state visit to Iran which began on November 9. The President continued on to Turkey for a two-day visit, which was a continuation of talks that had been held in Teheran with Mr. Menderes.



CAIRO, EGYPT. THE OCCASION OF THE SIGNING OF THREE AGREEMENTS BETWEEN THE UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC AND THE SUDAN—ON THE NILE WATERS, TRADE AND PAYMENTS. In the ceremony at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Cairo shown here three agreements on the Nile waters, trade and payments were signed by the representatives of the United Arab Republic and the Sudan. This ends a dispute that has lasted many years over the sharing of the Nile waters. Under the trade and payments agreements there will be a considerable exchange of goods between them.

THE OCCUPANT OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

"EISENHOWER: CAPTIVE HERO." By MARQUIS CHILDS.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. MARQUIS CHILDS.

Born in Clinton, Iowa, in 1903, Mr. Childs began a newspaper career with the United Press in 1923. He was with the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* from 1926 to 1944, and has been a special correspondent there since 1954. Since 1944 he has been writing a column three times a week which appears in about 175 newspapers throughout the U.S.A. He is well known on American television, has travelled and lectured widely, and written many books, including "Sweden: The Middle Way."

WHEN the ordinary intelligent Englishman begins to examine the American political system he resembles an Oxford man who is spending a few days in Cambridge. On the surface it is all much the same, and it is only when he begins to delve that he discovers that this is far from being the case, while the terminology bears an interpretation quite different from that to which he had previously been accustomed. This is particularly so in all that concerns President Eisenhower, who looks like another Stanley Baldwin or Neville Chamberlain, but any such analogy would be hopelessly misleading: nor is the situation made any easier by the fact that he is a soldier; England has twice in modern history had one at the head of her affairs, that is to say Oliver Cromwell and the Duke of Wellington, but neither of them bore the least resemblance to the present occupant of the White House.

The least revolutionary of men, he is, however reluctantly, the heir to a revolution. It is customary in some circles to sum up the last thirty years of British history in the phrase "a bloodless revolution," but, however this may be, across the Atlantic the New Deal unquestionably shifted the balance of government. It brought about almost as great a concentration of power—from the State Governments to the Federal, and within the Federal Government from Congress to the President—as did the Civil War. This change had long become inevitable, and Franklin Roosevelt in reality did little more than give the centripetal forces full scope. The depression put an end to a United States in which a majority could any longer be persuaded that government was the greatest of evils; the electorate, whatever their previous party affiliations, turned their backs on the old order, as they were doing in contemporary Britain, and the politicians who wanted office were forced to follow their example. In spite of his widespread popularity, General Eisenhower could not afford to be an exception when he entered politics, and the fact that his label was Republican was to make far less difference than was imagined at the time of his first election; whatever might be the wishes of many of his supporters, they realised that there could be no going back on the New Deal, otherwise they would have adopted Senator Taft.

Had President Eisenhower possessed a political background he might have found his position much more difficult, but not a little of his strength lies in the fact that until he was fifty he had no background at all, and the absence of a "past" can be a great asset in public life. To quote Mr. Childs:

For most men in public life fame is achieved by slow stages. There are rings of growth, each one larger in circumference, until finally the circle encompasses the nation and the world. The man and his time come gradually to an understanding. Dwight Eisenhower, however, grew not in measured stages, but suddenly—and surprisingly. At one moment he was an obscure lieutenant-colonel in the United States Army with a record good but not distinguished. The next moment he was a national hero symbol of the hope and resolution we needed in our pitiful unpreparedness to assume the leadership in a global war against a ruthless and formidable enemy.

He was promoted commander of the European Theatre of Operations over the heads of 366 officers who were senior to him, yet he had never seen a shot fired in the First World War, though this,

it should be stated, was in no way his own fault, and where he ranks as a strategist is at the present moment one of the bones of contention between the various gentlemen whose memoirs are filling the bookshops of the world. On the other hand there can be no doubt that he has a great capacity for getting on with people of all nations and classes, and that has stood him in excellent stead both as Allied Commander-in-Chief and as President of the United States. It is true that at times he has tended to withdraw into a small circle of intimate friends, but he has never lost the "common touch": possibly his long association with General MacArthur made him realise that,

The strongest poison ever known
Came from Cæsar's laurel crown.

It would be idle to deny that his decision to stand for a second term was received with mixed feelings in many quarters, more particularly

It was well known that Sherman Adams exercised what was perhaps an unprecedented degree of power for a presidential aide. In the very beginning, Adams had said privately that he hoped to arrange things so that his boss would have to make only three or four important decisions a year. As the President explained it, "whatever I have to do, he has in some measure to do."

Another adviser who came in for a large amount of adverse criticism was, of course, Mr. Foster Dulles.

In consequence, the President appeared to diminish in stature both at home and abroad, and the leadership of the free world passed to Mr. Harold Macmillan, which, naturally enough, was not entirely to the liking of Mr. Eisenhower's fellow-countrymen, however pleasing it may have been to the subjects of Queen Elizabeth II. Then, though for entirely different reasons, he was deprived of the services both of Mr. Adams and of Mr. Dulles, and it is at this point in the President's career that the volume closes—upon a very gloomy note: in fact, the author goes so far as to talk of authority wandering "about the horizon like a lost ghost."

Since then Mr. Eisenhower would appear to have taken on a new lease of political—possibly also of physical—life, and his prospective world tour should be an answer to the charge of having sunk to the position of a *roi fainéant*. What is now in question is his ability to play the part for which he is cast. As Allied Commander-in-Chief he showed himself an admirable mediator and an expert at compromise, though on occasion it seemed that he was a little too prone "to rely on highly generalised statements of good will." More than this will be required if at a Summit conference with the master of Russia he is to state the Western case specifically and concretely.

Krushchev is ruthless, cunning, well-informed about current issues from his own perspective while ignorant to an extraordinary degree of America and the West. Can President Eisenhower hold his own with such an adversary? In this perhaps history's most critical moment that question is paramount.

The next few months will see the question answered. It may be that Mr. Eisenhower took the measure of his adversary at their recent meeting, for from the point-of-view of his party he is certainly displaying considerable courage in holding the next one such a short time before the Presidential election, though he is not himself concerned with that. What is at stake is his personal reputation—can the man who did so much to win the war save the peace at this late hour? It is, as our American friends would say, as simple as that.

* "Eisenhower: Captive Hero." A critical study of the General and the President, by Marquis Childs. Illustrated. (Hammond, Hammond and Co.; 25s.)



"LET'S SEE—WHAT 'LL I WEAR TO-DAY?"
(Herblock in the Washington Post, February 15, 1956.)



"I'VE A GOOD MIND TO START TALKING BACK!"
(Hugh Haynie in the Greenboro Daily News, April 21, 1958.)

These two illustrations from the book "Eisenhower: Captive Hero," are reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Hammond, Hammond and Co.



THE SUBJECT OF THIS BOOK, PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, SHOWN IN GEORGIA RECENTLY, WHERE HE FLEW FROM WASHINGTON FOR A CONFERENCE ON THE NATION'S MILITARY BUDGET. WITH HIM IN THE FRONT ROW ARE (L. TO R.) MR. NEIL McELROY, DEFENCE SECRETARY; GENERAL PERSONS, ASSISTANT TO THE PRESIDENT; GENERAL TWINING, CHAIRMAN OF THE JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF; AND MR. GORDON GRAY, SPECIAL ASSISTANT TO THE PRESIDENT FOR NATIONAL SECURITY AFFAIRS.

This photograph is not from the book under review.

by his friends and admirers outside his own country. It was felt that he might well have been persuaded to take this step against his own better judgment by those of his supporters who were thinking more of their own careers than of his reputation, and it seemed to justify the sub-title of this book. The result proved that his own popularity was undiminished, while that of the Republican Party had sunk to zero. Inevitably, this state of affairs could not continue, and before long the President was being criticised for allowing himself to become a mere puppet in the hands of those who had been so decisively defeated at the polls:

It had always been a fact of life in the Eisenhower administration: the President delegated what seemed to be an unusual degree of responsibility to his subordinates and seemed to be unusually dependent on them.

HOW SCIENTISTS UNDERSTAND THE UNIVERSE.

V. THE STARS.

By H. BONDI, F.R.S., Professor of Mathematics, King's College, London.

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THERE can be few places in the whole universe as inaccessible to us as the centres of the stars. Even the most imaginative space traveller can hardly consider a trip to the centre of a star, nor does there seem to be any chance of getting light or other information out from there directly. Nevertheless, the theory of what goes on in the interior of the stars is particularly well-developed and we have a great deal of confidence in it. How does this situation come about? It is the purpose of the theory of stellar constitution, like that of any other scientific theory, to link up the different items of information we have got. The information we have got about the stars necessarily refers to the outside of the stars. Nevertheless, it turns out that enough information can be found from observations of the outsides of the stars to enable us to make confident statements about their interiors. What, then, are the observable features of the outsides of the stars that are relevant to the study of the constitution of the stars?

The first thing one notices about a star is that it shines. The intensity of light we receive from a star can be measured and this is called its apparent luminosity. The word "apparent" here refers to the fact that this is not the true or intrinsic luminosity of the star. It is not the rate at which the star sends out light, but the rate at which we receive it, which naturally depends very much on the distance of the star from us and on any possible obscuring clouds of matter between the star and us. Therefore, before our measurement of the apparent luminosity of a star tells us anything about its intrinsic or absolute luminosity (which alone is information about the star itself) we must have some way of ascertaining the distance of the star.

How is the distance of a star measured? The most reliable method which, unfortunately, can be applied only to the few hundred nearest stars is that of the so-called trigonometric parallax. In spite of the forbidding name, the idea of it is quite simple. If you sit in a room some way from the window and look out through the window, then if you move your head a little the window-frame will obscure first one and then another part of the view. In other words, owing to the motion of your head the near object—the window-frame—is first in line with some part of the view, and then with another. In astronomy, unfortunately, moving one's head is not enough. All the stars are too far away for a small movement like that to have any effect at all. However, we are all on the Earth and therefore moving round the sun, covering quite a substantial distance in the course of six months. Six months from now we will be 190 million miles away from where we are to-day, though a year from now we will be back again where we are to-day. If, then, some stars are very much nearer than most others, in the course of the year the apparent position of these near stars relative to the distant ones will change. In fact, every near star will seem to describe a small ellipse against the background of distant stars. In favourable circumstances, the astronomer can observe this apparent annual motion of a near star against the background of distant stars. When he can do so, then he can measure the size of this elliptical annual motion and, with the aid of a little trigonometry, he can thus determine the distance of the nearest star. Unfortunately, stars are so far away from us that even for the very nearest star the diameter of this ellipse is only $1\frac{1}{2}$ seconds of arc. This is, indeed, a very small angle; it is roughly the angle subtended by a penny at a distance of three miles. This minute angle, which is the size of the apparent annual motion, is called the parallax of the star. The refinement of astronomical technique is now so great that the parallax can be measured even if the angle subtended by the apparent annual motion of a star is only around a tenth of a second of arc, that is, the size of a penny at a distance of forty miles. In this way, the distances of several

hundred stars have been measured. Incidentally, if the diameter of the ellipse subtends one second of arc, then the distance of the star from us is so great that light takes six years to get from the star to us. The nearest star is at a distance of about four light years.

If the parallax of a star is known, then one knows its distance and, supposing there to be no obscuring matter between the star and us (as, indeed, seems to be the case for most stars for which a trigonometric parallax is known) then one can immediately infer from its apparent luminosity its absolute or intrinsic luminosity—the rate at which the star sends out light.

The next item of information about a star comes from an examination of its light by the spectroscope. What one is really after here is nothing more complicated than the colour of the star. For the colour tells us what the temperature of the surface is. It is a remarkable fact that for a glowing, opaque object the colour of the glow is independent of the composition of the body; it depends only on its temperature. We are all familiar with this. If you look into a nice, glowing coal fire and stick a hot poker in and wait until it has heated up, then at the back of the fire the glowing piece of coal, the glowing firebrick and the glowing poker all look so much alike in colour that it is only by their shapes that we can distinguish one from the other. Indeed, the colours are so

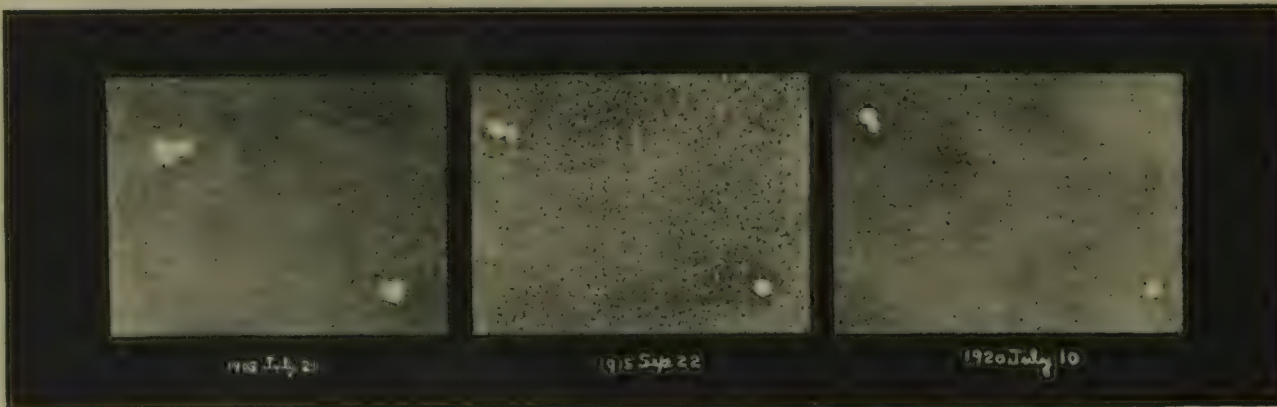
the rooms we live in. If these are cold, then even if the air in the room is at a high temperature (so that our total loss of heat is not excessive) we yet feel uncomfortable and call the room stuffy, for it is disagreeable to lose a lot of heat by radiation and little to the air. Of course, if we keep a room heated night and day, then the air will gradually heat up the walls, we will receive more radiation from them, and conditions of comfort will return. Another way of achieving comfort is to put something opaque between us and the cold places. We all know how much warmer it makes the feel of a room to draw a curtain across a window on a cold day. For then the heat radiation reaches us, not from the window pane which is cooled by contact with the outside air, but from the curtain which is warmed by the interior air of the room. Hanging tapestries on walls was an old way of improving comfort conditions in a room; under-floor heating, or ceiling heating is a modern way of achieving the same end and keeping the radiation balance of our bodies in agreeable equilibrium.

To return now to the stars, their light does not reach us directly from the opaque surfaces of the stars (the place where the stellar material becomes so dense so that it is no longer transparent) but it has to pass through the gases of the stellar atmospheres surrounding stars before it reaches us. In this way, the extremely complicated dark lines of the stellar spectra are produced; though no doubt these contain a wealth of information, it has proved exceedingly difficult to unravel it. However, the astronomer can classify the spectra of the stars by these lines and can define various types of star in this way. It is these spectral types that are related to the surface temperature; and, indeed, it is in this manner that the temperature of the surfaces is usually determined.

Next we consider the other feature of glowing materials—the amount emitted per unit surface—which, as we have been saying, is fully determined by the temperature. If, as described above, the absolute luminosity of a star has been found and the temperature of its surface, then one knows not only how much light the star sends out altogether; one also knows how much light it emits per

unit surface, namely, the amount corresponding to its temperature. Therefore, by division one can find the total surface area of the star. Assuming the star to be spherical in shape, one can immediately calculate its radius. Thus, we have the remarkable result that although even in the biggest telescopes the size of a star does not show up, yet in this indirect fashion it has been possible to determine the radii of numerous stars.

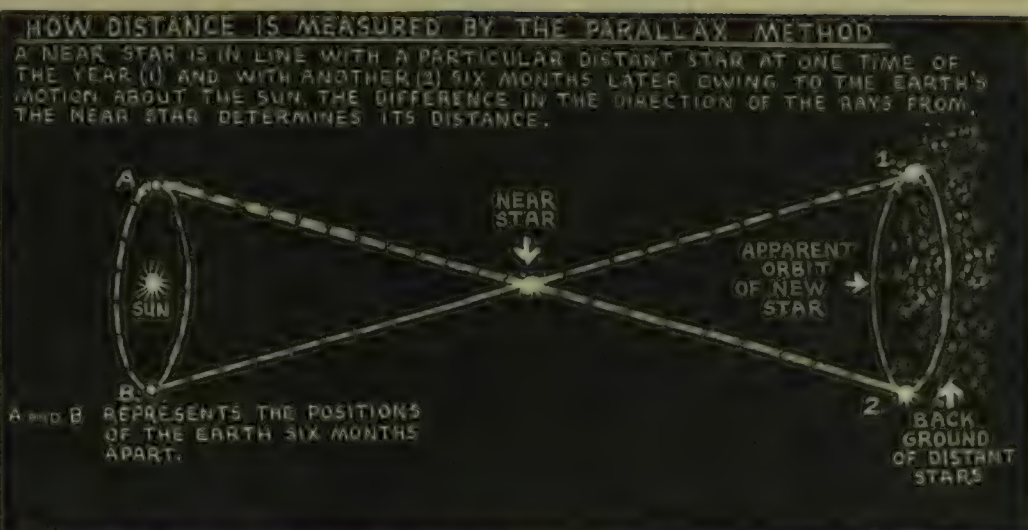
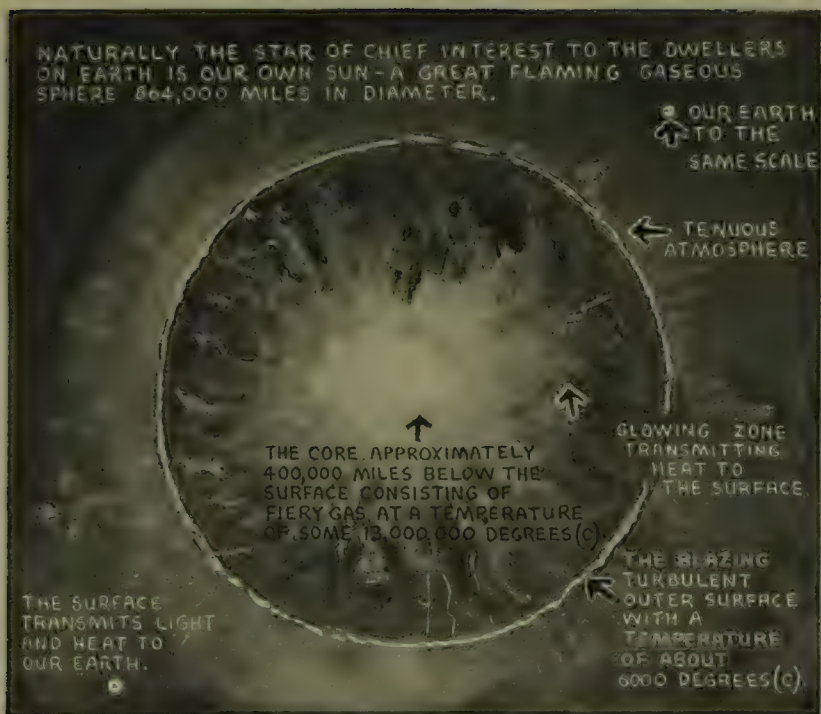
A third observable characteristic is the mass of the stars, at least in quite a few cases. Dr. Lyttleton, in one of his articles, described how the astronomer could make use of the fact that many stars were binaries, that is, pairs of stars, orbiting about each other under mutual gravitational pull. If the orbit can be observed with sufficient accuracy, then it is frequently possible to determine the masses of the two stars. Thus, for many stars three characteristics are known—the absolute luminosity; the spectral type or, equivalently, the surface temperature, and the mass. Although the method of trigonometric parallax only works for the few hundred nearest stars, nevertheless, we can say a lot also about more distant stars. For, if with the nearer stars, it is discovered that a certain type, as determined by the spectrum, always has a certain luminosity, then we may infer that the same holds for the more distant stars. Thus, from the spectrum of a star, one can infer its absolute luminosity. Measuring also its apparent luminosity, one can then find the distance of the star even if it is very much greater than could be determined by trigonometric parallax. Furthermore, if in some way two stars are associated with each other (say, describing orbits about each other) and we can infer the distance of one of them in the manner just described, then the distance of the other one follows because they must be close together. In this way, one can find out a great deal even about types of star not represented amongst the few hundred nearest stars that are accessible to the method of trigonometric parallax. Thus, luminosity and radius are known for a large number of stars, and for quite a few of them the mass has also been determined.



IN THESE THREE PHOTOGRAPHS A DOUBLE STAR IS SHOWN ON DIFFERENT DATES AND WE CAN CLEARLY SEE HOW THE TWO BODIES HAVE MOVED AROUND EACH OTHER. SUCH STARS ARE KNOWN AS BINARIES.

much alike that it is difficult to see where one ends and the other begins. Moreover, we are familiar with the fact that the actual colour of the glow depends on the temperature. If the heat is not very great, the colour is a deep red; if the fire is rather hotter, we have a bright red, or even an orange glow; with the very hottest fires, we may get a yellow colour. Higher temperatures than these are not normally achieved in domestic fires, but in industrial processes or in the laboratory one knows that beyond yellow heat comes white heat, and for yet higher temperature the white takes on a bluish tinge. Not only can one link the colour of the glow with the temperature of the body emitting it in a way which is quite independent of the composition of that body, but one also knows that, with a given colour of glow, that is, with a given temperature, the intensity of radiation and heat emission is completely definite. One knows that a dull, red poker does not emit nearly as much heat as a bright red or yellow one; that a fire that is really hot and looks yellow radiates very much more into the room than a fire that is only just glowing. The physicist can measure how much comes out of the glowing body in the form of light and heat. He finds that the emission per unit surface is, again, quite independent of the composition of the body, but depends very much on the temperature. In fact, it goes with the fourth power of the absolute temperature. That means that doubling the temperature increases the rate of emission of heat by a factor 16.

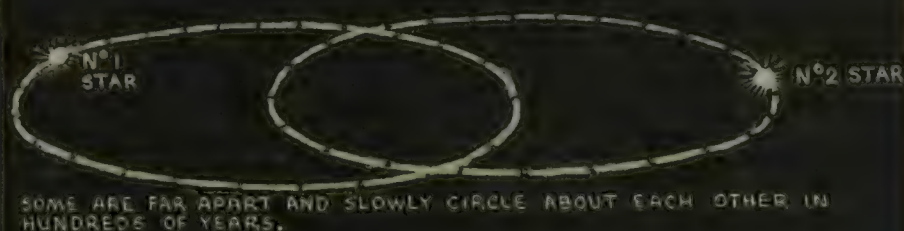
The property that a body radiates heat from its surface also applies at much lower temperatures where no glow is visible. Indeed, even at perfectly ordinary temperatures everything radiates. In fact, we ourselves—our own bodies—lose a good deal of heat by radiating to our surroundings more than we receive from them. It is estimated that, in ordinary circumstances, about half the loss of bodily heat is by radiation, the other half being given to the surrounding air. Indeed, radiation is one of the major problems in domestic heating. The amount of radiation we receive depends on the temperature of our surroundings, that is, the walls, ceilings and floors of



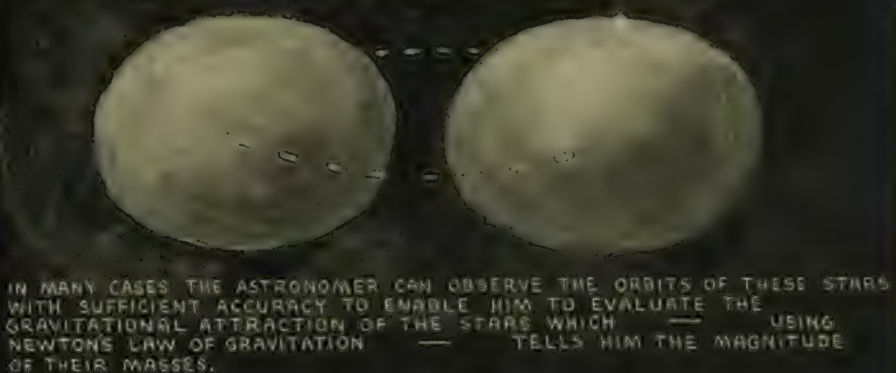
THOUGH EQUAL AMOUNTS OF LIGHT ARE SENT OUT BY THESE THREE STARS WHICH ARE OF THE SAME LUMINOSITY, THE AMOUNT RECEIVED DIMINISHES WITH INCREASE IN DISTANCE. IF THE ASTRONOMER HAS ALREADY DETERMINED THE DISTANCE, HE CAN USE THE OBSERVED BRIGHTNESS TO DETERMINE THE LUMINOSITY OF THE STAR.



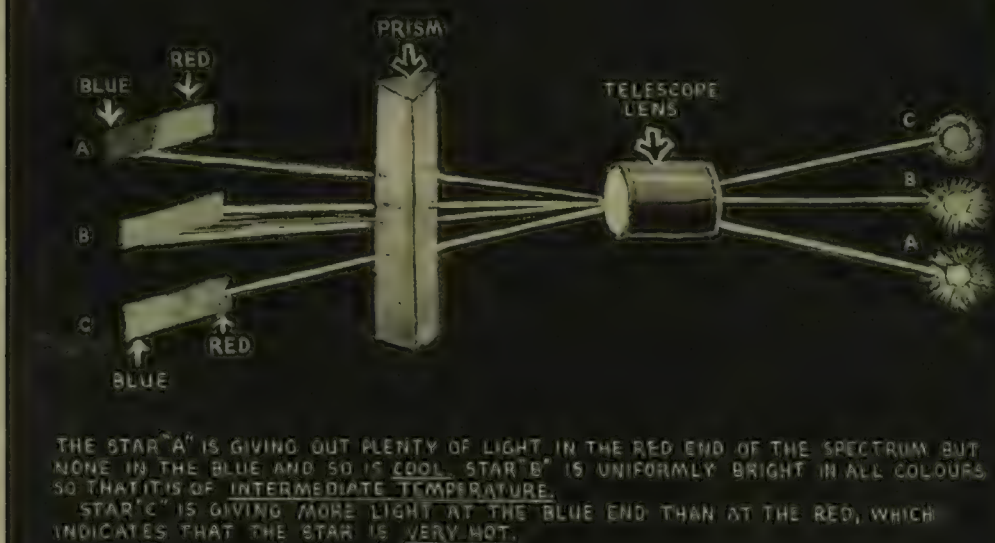
MANY STARS ARE KNOWN AS BINARIES, THAT IS, TWO STARS REVOLVING ABOUT EACH OTHER UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF EACH OTHER'S GRAVITATIONAL ATTRACTION.



OTHER TYPES OF BINARY STARS ALMOST TOUCH EACH OTHER AS THEY CIRCLE EACH OTHER AT SPEEDS IN EXCESS OF 100,000 MILES AN HOUR. THEY ARE RENDERED OVAL BY THE ATTRACTIVE FORCES OF EACH OTHER.



HOW THE SPECTRUM REVEALS THE NATURE OF THE LIGHT EMITTED BY DIFFERENT STARS AND DETERMINES THEIR TEMPERATURE.



THE EXAMPLE OF A GLOWING COAL FIRE CAN BE USED TO EXPLAIN HOW THE ASTRONOMER USES THE COLOURS OF THE SPECTRUM TO DETERMINE THE TEMPERATURE OF A STAR. UPON GLAZING INTO THE FIRE IT WILL BE NOTED THAT THE SAME EVEN RED GLOW COMES FROM THE COAL, THE FIREBRICKS AND AN INSERTED POKER. THOUGH OF DIFFERING MATERIALS, THEY EMIT THE SAME GLOW IF AT THE SAME TEMPERATURE.



MEASURING THE STARS: SOME OF THE METHODS EMPLOYED BY ASTRONOMERS.

Although the stars are so very far away, a number of features can be determined in the way shown in these drawings. The amount of light sent out by a star can be found, once its distance has been determined, by the exact method of parallax which is described at length in this week's article: The

spectrum reveals the temperature of the surface of a star and the orbits of double stars can often be used to find their masses. Although these features refer essentially to their surfaces, they contain important clues to the nature of their interiors.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, with the co-operation of Professor Bondi.



GENUINE piety among us has frequently been accompanied by a deplorable blindness to comely typography and a taste for all that is mawkishly sentimental in illustration. It is consequently a pleasure to draw attention to a Life of Christ which suffers from neither of these defects. Its plan is simple enough. The Bible narrative is allowed to stand by itself, in all its stark grandeur, and is accompanied by a series of fine colour-plates from Italian originals of the 11th to the 15th centuries.



A STUDY OF FLAMINGOS: ONE OF THE WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF ROBERT GIBBINGS WHICH IS REPRODUCED IN THE LAVISH VOLUME OF HIS WORK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. Reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd.

As a picture-book it is as fine a production as has yet reached this country, and it is refreshing to turn over its pages and to note with what fidelity the nuances of these early masterpieces have been interpreted. Brief notes on each painting—or, rather, upon each episode as interpreted by the different painters—are found at the end of the volume and a list of sources. The whole effect, partly because of the typographical dignity of the volume, partly because of the choice of painter, is one of austere magnificence. At first sight its cost is alarming, but I very much doubt whether anything of this quality could be produced for much less. It is a Swiss enterprise and was originally published in Lausanne; the notes were translated by David Walters.

I took "A History of Dutch Life and Art" from its case with some trepidation, fearing it might be one of those rather tedious compilations of the obvious which are too big to make a guide-book and too heavy to read in bed as a soporific. But its academic title conceals not just knowledge but a very lively imagination on the part of Professor Timmers, of Maastricht, who provides us with 508 splendid photographs covering every possible aspect of his country from its geographical situation to modern trends in art and architecture, concerning which he wisely refrains from forming a judgment. He provides an admirable map in which large areas of land below sea level are marked and notes "This low country is no Arcadian pasture land, benignly and generously spilling from its lap all that man and beast require. Left to itself it would soon revert to sea or swamp. Those who live here live in perpetual anxiety for the soil upon which they work, which must feed them and which they will preserve for those who come after them." From all this, by miracles of work and ingenuity, came the Dutch we once fought and the painting of that golden century, the 17th; though

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

A CHOICE CHRISTMAS HAMPER.*

why painting of such quality should flower in this manner among a population of merchants and farmers and sailors, at this particular period, neither the author nor anyone else can explain.

But while most of us have at least a nodding acquaintance with the painters, not so many will be familiar with the great wealth of early MSS., jewellery, sculpture, which have survived the centuries and which have a distinctly Dutch flavour though inevitably influenced by ideas from other parts of Europe. Professor Timmers seems to be worried about the future of patronage in the arts and refers to "The new religion of Moloch which is called the state." Many others—and not only in Holland—have expressed the same fears, but, looking around in this country at least, it seems to me that there are quite a number of private individuals, and enterprises controlled by private individuals, who still keep good artists gainfully employed and I believe that as long as we live in a free community there is no need to be pessimistic. The illustrations are beautifully balanced and the whole volume, text and plates, is most illuminating.

Two volumes from the Faber Library of Illuminated Manuscripts arrived at the same moment. The first, by Dr. Eric Millar, formerly Keeper of the Department of MSS. in the British Museum, deals with the work of the Parisian miniaturist Honoré, who almost certainly died by 1318, though his atelier continued to flourish. Dr. Millar, in his introduction, tells the fascinating story of how, as long ago as 1906, Sir Sydney Cockerell

published a miniature by this distinguished artist which had been cut from an otherwise unknown copy of "*La Somme le Roy*," a treatise on Virtues and Vices; how, thirty-two years later, Colonel Prideaux-Brune walked into the British Museum with the actual copy of the book from which the miniature had been cut, which had been in his family since 1720; and how the Colonel allowed Dr. Millar to buy it from him at far below market price on the understanding that in due course it went to the Museum.

The second volume in the series, by Jean Porcher, for many years Dr. Millar's opposite number at the Bibliothèque Nationale, deals with the MS. of rather more than a century later known as "*The Rohan Book of Hours*," painted for Yolande of Aragon, wife of Louis II, King of Sicily and Duc d'Anjou, about 1418, by an illuminator of sufficient originality to make it easy to distinguish his hand from that of his Parisian contemporaries. In each case, as in others of the series, eight colour-plates reproduce faithfully the jewel-like splendour of the originals. It happens also that the two books illustrate to perfection the change in style from the monumental naïveté of the earlier period to the elegant patterns of the later.

Yet another book about Van Gogh! One would have thought that next to impossible. Yet here it is, by Mark Tralbaut, in charge of the Van Gogh Archives at The Hague; a small, neat affair (called "*A Pictorial Biography*" as a sub-title) and wholly unpretentious and endearing, showing us such out-of-the-way photographs as that of the verger and his house where Vincent took refuge

after quarrelling with his family; of 54, Rue Lepic, where he lived with his brother Theo in Paris. There are also some interesting confrontations of actual places and Vincent's paintings of them. A factual little book verging towards hagiography, but none the worse for that.

A sumptuous memorial to the late Robert Gibbings' life work as a wood engraver comes from Dent, who published many of his books. But this compilation contains a thousand designs by him, many of them early engravings not previously published, others from books published in America—for example "*Othello*" and Darwin's "*The Voyage of H.M.S. Beagle*"; yet others from privately printed editions and from such popular favourites as "*Sweet Thames Run Softly*." The suggestion that he should undertake this compilation was made to Gibbings in 1953; he began to write some recollections of his early career at once. These were not finished when he died in 1958, but form an extremely interesting foreword.

I have to confess that I had forgotten that he was the proprietor of the Golden Cockerell Press for nine years from 1924 and that during that time he controlled every detail of the design and manufacture of seventy-two books, of which forty-eight were decorated with engravings, nineteen of them by himself. When he escaped from



SHOWING HOW ROADS WERE LAID AND PAVED IN THE 15TH CENTURY, AND HOW TREES WERE FELLED TO MAKE WAY FOR THEM: PART OF A MINIATURE, WHICH IS AN ILLUSTRATION IN THE BOOK "*A HISTORY OF DUTCH LIFE AND ART*," ALSO REVIEWED HERE.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd.

this exciting but exacting servitude all are agreed that his work became more flexible and more varied in texture (how different from the silhouettes of his youth!). He managed to travel widely—journeys which are reflected lovingly in the engravings—and finally turned author as well as artist, with the river books as his great successes, not the least of them "*Coming Down the Seine*" of 1953, which remains ever fresh in my memory, even fresher than the delightful Thames book.

* "*The Life of Christ, in Paintings of the 11th-15th Centuries*." Illustrated. (Collins; £9 9s.)

* "*A History of Dutch Life and Art*." By J. J. M. Timmers. Illustrated. (Nelson; £3 10s.)

* "*The Parisian Miniaturist Honoré*." Introduction and notes by Eric G. Millar. Illustrated. (Faber; £1 5s.)

* "*The Rohan Book of Hours*." Introduction and notes by Jean Porcher. Illustrated. (Faber; £1 5s.)

* "*Van Gogh—A Pictorial Biography*." By Mark Edo Tralbaut. Illustrated. (Thames and Hudson; £1 5s.)

* "*The Wood Engravings of Robert Gibbings*." With some recollections by the artist. (Dent; £5 5s.)

WATER-COLOURS BY EDWARD SEAGO.



"EARLY MORNING, BLAKENEY": ONE OF THE PICTURES IN THE CURRENT EXHIBITION OF EDWARD SEAGO'S WORKS AT P. AND D. COLNAGHI. (10½ by 14½ ins.)



"A FOUNTAIN IN ROME": A BRILLIANT WATER-COLOUR, IN WHICH THE ARTIST HAS PRODUCED THE EFFECT OF GUSHING WATER SIMPLY BY LEAVING CERTAIN AREAS BLANK. (10½ by 11½ ins.)



"FISHING BOATS, PONZA": ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF MR. SEAGO'S SKILL IN PRODUCING WATER EFFECTS WITH ONLY THE LIGHTEST TOUCHES OF A BRUSH. (10½ by 14½ ins.)

ANOTHER most attractive and popular exhibition of water-colours by Mr. Edward Seago is now on view at Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi, 14, Old Bond Street, W.1. It contains fifty-two pictures, all of them painted recently. Mr. Seago loves to vary his subjects between his favourite towns on the Mediterranean, scenes of Norfolk, where he lives, and studies of the River Thames—particularly the stretch by Chiswick and Strand-on-the-Green. This year these variations again occur, so that to walk round the gallery is rather like taking a rapid and varied holiday. Indeed, it is Mr. Seago's ability to capture the immediate impression of a scene, and to render it with the lightest of touches, which has made his work so consistently popular. All but three pictures were sold within the first few hours. The exhibition closes on December 12.

DRAWINGS IN A NEW GALLERY.

A MOST welcome event in the art world is the opening in London of a gallery devoted principally to modern drawings, water-colours and pastels. The Reid Gallery, 23, Cork Street, W.1, is now holding its opening exhibition, which consists of twenty-five works by 19th and 20th-century English and French artists Mary Cassatt, Derain, Dufy, Harpignies, Augustus John, Modigliani (a wonderful drawing), Moore, Redon, Paul Nash, Berthe Morisot, Rivera and Spencer, and others. Here is a chance for people who find the price of paintings exorbitant to purchase fine things at prices within their means. The exhibition closes on December 23.



"MARINE À HONFLEUR," BY EUGÈNE BOUDIN (1824-1898): FROM THE CURRENT EXHIBITION AT THE NEWLY-OPENED REID GALLERY IN CORK STREET, W.1. (Pastel: 5½ by 8½ ins.)



"LA BERGÈRE TRICOTANT," BY JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET (1814-1875): A SMALL DRAWING OF GREAT CHARM, SIGNED WITH INITIALS, FROM THE SAME EXHIBITION. (Pen drawing: 8 by 5 ins.)



"TORSE DE FEMME NUE," BY ROGER DE LA FRESNAYE (1885-1925): ONE OF TWO DRAWINGS BY THE ARTIST ON VIEW AT THE REID GALLERY. (Pencil drawing: 12½ by 8½ ins.)



"TWO HORSEMEN AND A COACH," BY CONSTANTIN GUYS (1802-1892): A FINE EXAMPLE OF GUYS' WORK, ON A SUBJECT BELOVED BY THE ARTIST. (Coloured wash: 7½ by 8½ ins.)

THE ROYAL TREASURE OF DORAK—A FIRST AND EXCLUSIVE REPORT OF A CLANDESTINE EXCAVATION WHICH LED TO THE MOST IMPORTANT DISCOVERY SINCE THE ROYAL TOMBS OF UR.

By JAMES MELLAART, Assistant Director, The British Institute of Archaeology, Ankara.

Owing to the circumstances of this discovery, no photographs whatever are yet available and all our illustrations, both black-and-white and coloured, are from meticulous scale drawings made by Mr. Mellaart and they are now published for the first time anywhere in the world. It is emphasised that the colouring is not representational, but is designed to show the materials of which this unbelievably rich treasure was made. The site of the discovery was on an estate somewhat inland from the southern shore of the Sea of Marmora, that landlocked sea which lies between the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, between, that is, Troy and Byzantium.

A RICH collection of objects derived from an unpublished excavation of two Royal Tombs of the Yortan culture, undertaken at about the time of the Turco-Greek war, was rediscovered some years ago by the writer in private possession in Izmir. We are much obliged to the present owner for her permission to publish coloured reproductions of the objects and for the information from what remains of the original excavation records and from notes and old photographs, which has enabled us to reconstruct the approximate tomb lay-out.

A small cemetery consisting of two Royal cist graves and two *pitios* burials of servants was found high up on a hill slope near the village of Dorak, on the southern shore of Lake Apolyont (Vilayet of Bursa) in North-West Turkey, near the Sea of Marmora. A close investigation at the time showed that no other tombs were present in the immediate neighbourhood, and it appears, then, that this site was only used for the burial of a king in Tomb I, a king and queen in Tomb II and two servants of the Royal couple. The *pitios*-graves of the commoners are similar to those found at Yortan, Babaköy and Bayindir (the best-known cemeteries of the Yortan culture), and the pottery found in the two Royal Tombs is again of Yortan type. No other Royal Tombs are known in Western Anatolia and the present find is therefore of unique importance.

Tomb I, the smaller of the two, measured 6 ft. 1 in. (1.8 m.) x 2 ft. 8½ ins. (0.83 m.) and contained the body of an adult male stretched out on his back with his head to the east and feet to the west. He lay on a badly preserved woollen *kilim* (or woven rug), which did not survive the opening of the tomb (Fig. 13).

Around the king's body were placed his funerary gifts: ceremonial arms, weapons, drinking vessels in precious metals, pottery and stone vessels, which may have contained food, and, most important of all, a piece of furniture, probably dismantled before being deposited in the tomb. The position of these objects, as far as still could be ascertained from the faded photographs, was reconstructed in a plan of the tomb.

On the king's right side lay a splendid sceptre with a pear-shaped fluted head of light-green stone and a diagonally fluted ivory handle with gold-capped ends, two black obsidian beakers, one smooth polished, the other vertically fluted, a vertically fluted *depas* (two-handled drinking cup) of gold (Fig. 14), and a one-handled cup with *repossé* design.

Near his right hand lay a dagger (11½ ins. in length) with a carnelian pommel, silver blade and hilt covered with embossed gold sheet. Between the king and the south wall of the tomb lay a group of weapons: a lance with silver head and chased midrib, the long decayed wooden shaft being encased in alternate ribbed gold and plain silver tubular pieces of casing, a bronze (or

copper) battle-axe of shaft-hole type, with plain gold-encased wooden handle, a flat axe of the same material and a pile of nine swords and daggers. (Coloured drawings of five of these splendid weapons are shown in our third colour page as Figs. 15, 18a, 18b, 20 and 21. Of the remainder the most interesting is a bronze dagger with a hilt consisting of two plaques of meerschaum, a material found only near Eskisehir, about 100 miles east of Dorak.)

Stone bowls, cups and goblets of white marble, pink-veined white marble, or light-green stone, and black or brown burnished pottery vessels of Yortan type were placed in the four corners of the tomb. The largest pottery vessel contained the crushed remains of a silver bird-vase with a gold spout and gold ribbing, indicating the bird's plumage. The two rivets on the cut-away spout have heads of lapis lazuli set in gold granulation. Vessels of this type are extremely common in Yortan pottery, and it is now clear that their prototypes were metal vessels.

The most remarkable object, however, in the tomb was a wooden chair or throne, probably dismantled when put in the tomb and unfortunately not restorable. It was plated with thick sheet gold; one of the surviving casings of the legs shows that it had animal feet. Strips of sheet gold bear in embossed Egyptian hieroglyphs the name and titles of the second king of the Fifth Dynasty, Sahure (2487-2473 B.C.) (Fig. 1). This piece of Egyptian furniture undoubtedly represents a Royal gift, and is the first piece of evidence of contact between the seafaring population of North-West Anatolia and Egypt in the Third Millennium B.C. Even if it were an heirloom at the time when it accompanied its owner into the grave, it remains of supreme

importance for dating the tomb to c. 2500 B.C. or a little later.

The second and larger tomb, measuring 10 ft. 2 ins. x 6 ft. 6½ ins. (3.10 x 2 m.), contained two burials: a king in the southern half of the tomb and his queen in the northern half, each accompanied by funerary gifts. Both burials were flexed, with the heads oriented towards the east. Both lay on their right side facing the lake. At the king's feet lay the skeleton of a dog, lovingly provided with its own stone bowl. Both burials lay on a mat which covered the floor of the tomb, and in the case of the queen, remains of textiles were around and below the skeleton when the tomb was opened, but these have not survived.

THE KING'S GRAVE GOODS fall into the same categories as those found in the other tomb, and are on the same lavish scale, but the queen is provided with jewellery and toilet articles, objects naturally not occurring among the paraphernalia which accompanied the king's. The king was provided with a sceptre, the spherical head of which was made of pink-veined white marble. Its wooden handle was cased in gold sheet, ribbed and ornamented with gold granulation (Fig. 12). Near it in front of the king lay a drinking cup of gold with a spirally-fluted body and granulated patterns on the neck (Fig. 9). (Under, beside and behind the king's body lay some eleven swords and daggers; and nine of these are illustrated on the third colour page as Figs. 16, 17, 18c, 18d, 18e and 19.)

A silver lance-head, like that in Tomb I, lay along the south wall of the tomb, its shaft decorated with alternate gold and silver tubular casings. Behind the king's head there lay four ceremonial battle-axes like those found at Troy (Fig. 11). Other vessels of precious metal buried with the king included a gold jug with cut-away spout and embossed decoration (Fig. 10) and a small silver, half-corroded, two-handled *depas* (Fig. 9), with horizontal ribbing. Two silver pins with double spiral heads were found near the king's shoulder. A shallow white marble bowl and four burnished pots of Yortan type, one of them a bird vase, lay in the corners of the tomb nearest to the king.

THE QUEEN'S FUNERARY OFFERINGS: In the north-western corner, in the queen's half of the tomb, there stood two wooden tables or trays supporting several pottery vessels, one of which contained a necklace of about twenty gold beads in the form of double-spirals, such as have been found at Ur, Troy, Poliochni and Brak. Near the neck of the skeleton were found other necklaces, consisting of carnelian, rock-crystal and gold beads, or of white marble and gold, or striped onyx, or of gold-capped obsidian, and of rock-crystal beads. Below the queen's hips strips of silver and gold sheet were found, with holes along the edges for sewing on to garments, no longer preserved. Around the skull and partly slipped off, lay a badly corroded silver diadem with pendants, and behind the head were found four elaborate ear-pendants of Trojan type, made of silver. Around the wrist were found two silver bracelets (Fig. 6), one piped with gold decorated with silver, and gold double-spirals and rosettes. Near them was found a bracelet made of silver wire with electrum rosettes and a gold bracelet, made of five wire loops, the outer ones plain, the inner ones twisted. In front of the queen lay a small sceptre with a peculiar knobbed amber head and silver-cased wooden handle (Fig. 12), decorated like the king's sceptre, but in a bad state of preservation.

The metal vessels and toilet articles all lay either in front of the queen against the north wall or in the north-eastern corner of the tomb. The metal vessels are all of small size, and consist of two small silver bowls, a small reddish gold cup, a small high-handled silver cup, an electrum beaker of Trojan type (Fig. 9), a silver-fluted juglet (Fig. 9), and a fluted miniature bird vase with granulation on neck and handle of characteristic Yortan type.

A set of stone vessels included a small ointment vessel of white marble, inlaid with small pieces of obsidian and lapis lazuli. It had a gold lid with a granulated handle and stood on a small pedestal made separately in pink-veined white marble. The type is familiar in Yortan pottery. The same

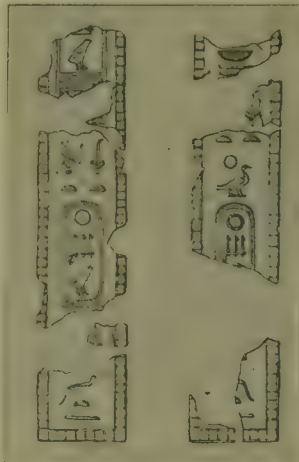


FIG. 1. EVIDENCE WHICH SECURELY DATES THE ROYAL TOMBS OF DORAK TO THE THIRD MILLENNIUM B.C.

These drawings are careful scale transcripts from fragments of gold sheet which originally adorned a wooden throne in the single tomb. They show the cartouche of the Pharaoh Sahure (2487-2473 B.C.) and indicate that the throne must have been a Royal gift, provide the first piece of evidence of contact between the seafaring population of North-West Anatolia and Egypt of the Third Millennium B.C. and also give, as it were, a written date for the tomb.

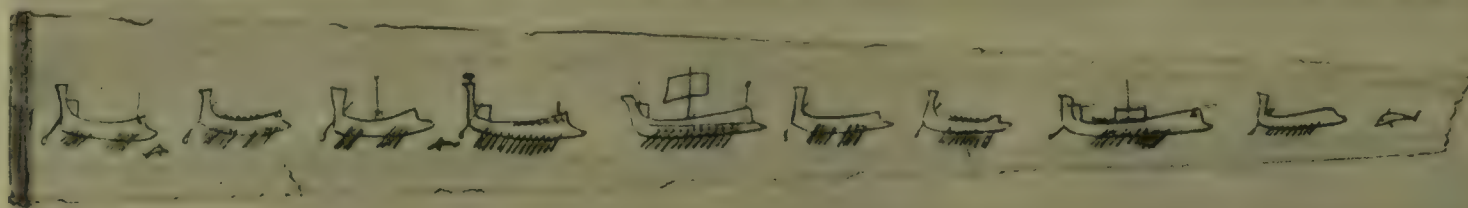


FIG. 2. CERTAINLY THE EARLIEST DETAILED REPRESENTATION OF OCEAN-GOING SHIPS YET KNOWN OUTSIDE EGYPT: A CLOSE-UP OF THE ENGRAVING ON THE BLADE OF THE SILVER SWORD OF STATE FROM THE SINGLE TOMB.

The silver-bladed sword from which this detail is taken is illustrated on the third colour page and appears as Fig. 18B. Nothing like as early a picture of ships as this has ever been discovered in Asia or, in fact, anywhere else but in Egypt; and indeed it is in vessels like these that we can imagine the legendary Argonauts sailing through the Sea of Marmora, past Dorak, on their way to Colchis.

applies to a pedestalled bowl in white marble, inlaid along the rim with black obsidian triangles. This contained a mass of silver pins of about a dozen types. A small white marble jar with lid is likewise inlaid with obsidian and lapis lazuli, and the small carinated saucer in a yellow-veined green stone has a strong Egyptian look.

A small toilet set in silver included three silver tubes with caps, decorated with ribs and hatched designs. They are said to have been found filled with a red, green and black substance, of which nothing now remains. This is reminiscent of the Ancient Egyptian use of rouge and black (kohl) and green eye-paint. With it were found a spatula, a toilet spoon and a pair of tweezers, all in silver, and fragments of a corroded silver mirror. The finest object deposited with the queen was, however, an ivory comb, worn in the hair, with a centre roundel framed by an open-work band, depicting two finely-carved wild goats or ibexes and two dolphins, the whole picked out in red and blue colour, and provided with a gold edge, carved rosettes and a carnelian rivet head surrounded by gold granulation.

With the exception of the piece of furniture from the Egyptian Old Kingdom none of the objects appear to be of foreign make, and the excellence of local craftsmen working for the ruler's court is nowhere more clearly shown than in a group of five statuettes, said to have been found in these tombs. (See colour page opposite.)

Illustrations from colour photographs of the original drawings, by courtesy of Thames and Hudson, from their forthcoming publication "Founders of Civilization."

A GODDESS AND HER HANDMAIDENS—IN UNIQUE FIGURINES OF 4500 YEARS AGO.



FIG. 3. THE TWO BRONZE FIGURINES—PRIESTESSES OR WORSHIPPERS—WEARING WHAT WAS PRESUMABLY THE NORMAL DRESS OF THE YORTAN RULING CLASS (6 INS. HIGH).



FIG. 4. BACK VIEW OF FIG. 3. THE FIGURES ARE OF BRONZE WITH SILVER GARMENTS; AND HAIR, ORNAMENTS AND DECORATION IN GOLD. TWO HAIRSTYLES ARE SHOWN.



FIG. 5. ONE OF THE ATTENDANTS ON THE GODDESS. THE BODY IS ENTIRELY MADE OF SILVER, THE HAIR AND ALL THE ORNAMENTS BEING GOLD.



FIG. 6. PERSONAL JEWELLERY FROM THE QUEEN'S TOMB: GOLD AND SILVER BRACELETS, WHOSE PATTERN MAY ALSO BE OBSERVED ON THE FIGURINES.



FIG. 7. THE GODDESS (RIGHT) IN ELECTRUM AND HER PRINCIPAL ATTENDANT IN SILVER, ALL THE ADDITIONAL ORNAMENTS BEING IN GOLD. THE GODDESS'S GOLD BELT AND PENDANTS ARE SOLDERED ON BUT THE "GRASS SKIRT" IS ENGRAVED. LIFE SIZE.



FIG. 8. THE BACK VIEW OF THE TWO FIGURINES SHOWN IN FIG. 7. THE SILVER FIGURE, WEARING A GOLD-EDGED SILVER APRON, HOLDS A CIRCLER, WITH SEVERAL BIRDS ON IT—PERHAPS A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF THE SISTRUM TYPE.

It is not absolutely certain that these five amazing figurines in electrum, silver and bronze were actually found in the two tombs; and Mr. Mellaart, while convinced of their genuineness, thinks that they may be a little later. All are about 6 ins. high, cast in a two-piece mould and are naturalistic though a little flat. All the articles of dress, hair, necklaces, bracelets and anklets were made in sheet gold or wire and were added by soldering or sweating-on, or, in some cases, loosely fixed. It is noteworthy that the objects of jewellery are exactly to be paralleled among the jewellery found with the queen in the

double tomb; and Fig. 6 shows a group of bracelets from that tomb—two of them were found round the queen's arms—which exactly resemble the bracelets worn by the figurines. There seems little doubt that the electrum figure represents the goddess, the two silver figures her close attendants and the bronze figures her priestesses or worshippers. The silver figurine in Fig. 8 is especially interesting. It is suggested that the rod in the left hand was used to beat the bird-studded circlet in the right hand to produce a musical note. One of the bronze figures holds a similar circlet.

CEREMONIAL AXES AND THE GREAT GOLD *DEPAS* FROM THE DORAK TOMBS.

FIG. 9. ALL FROM THE DOUBLE TOMB. THE KING'S GOLD CUP; A FRAGMENTARY SILVER *DEPAS*, A SILVER JUGLET AND A BEAKER OF TROJAN TYPE, MADE OF ELECTRUM.



FIG. 10. BURIED WITH THE KING IN THE DOUBLE TOMB: A GOLD JUG WITH CUTAWAY SPOUT AND EMBOSSED DECORATION; AND A BEAKED VASE OF FLUTED SILVER.



FIG. 11. FOUR SPLENDID CEREMONIAL AXES. (TOP TO BOTTOM) NEPHRITE; LAPIS LAZULI; OBSIDIAN; AND AMBER.

ALTHOUGH these detailed colour drawings are all that apparently can yet be released of this great third millennium Royal Treasure, it is to be hoped that in the future the objects themselves may come to light and that it will be possible to publish a full photographic record. One object, however, cannot appear, the *kilim* or woven rug shown in Fig. 13. This was lying under the skeleton of the king in the single tomb and it survived only long enough for its pattern and coloration to be sketched, before disintegrating in the light of day. Even so, a Turkish carpet over 4000 years old, however transitory, is something of a record. Fig. 12 shows the two sceptres which were found in the double tomb. The king in the single tomb was also provided with a sceptre. This had a pear-shaped head of fluted green stone, with a diagonally fluted ivory handle and capped with gold at both ends. Beside it lay the splendid two-handled golden cup of Fig. 14. This is of a shape already known in pottery from a number of sites in Anatolia; and it has always been identified with the *depas amphikupellon* mentioned in Homer. Another example, much corroded and fragmentary, in silver, is illustrated in Fig. 10. Fig. 11 shows the four singularly beautiful ceremonial axes which were found behind the king's head in the double tomb. These are like those [Continued below.



FIG. 12. SCEPTRES FROM THE DOUBLE TOMB: (LEFT) THE KING'S, PINK-VEINED MARBLE WITH GOLD STAFF; THE QUEEN'S, AMBER AND SILVER.



(Above.) FIG. 13. A WOVEN RUG (2 FT. 7½ INS. BY 5 FT. 8½ INS.) ON WHICH LAY THE KING IN THE SINGLE TOMB. THIS RUG DID NOT SURVIVE THE OPENING OF THE TOMB.

(Right.) FIG. 14. AN ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY, A TWO-HANDLED DRINKING VESSEL OF FLUTED GOLD—HOMER'S *DEPAS AMPHIKUPELLON*—FROM THE SINGLE TOMB. ABOUT 9½ INS. HIGH.

Continued.] which were found at Troy, but they are a little smaller. They vary in length between 9½ ins. (23.6 cm.) and 8½ ins. (21 cm.). They are made in a variety of precious materials and combine a stone axe with a metal band surrounding the shaft hole. In this they are unlike the Trojan ceremonial axes in which the metal band is imitated in the stone, while a similar axe found at Alaca Huyuk is made entirely of metal (bronze or copper and silver). Of the four found at Dorak one is of nephrite with a silver and gold band, another of lapis lazuli with a gold band relieved with silver; a third of black obsidian with a gold band between two bands of silver; and the last, of amber, with a broad silver band.



GOLD, SILVER, LAPIS AND OBSIDIAN IN THE SPLENDID SWORDS OF THE KINGS.



FIG. 15. A SWORD (18 INS.) AND DAGGER (12 INS.) IN BRONZE—A PAIR. The hilts are ivory with red-filled meander patterns, the pommels respectively greenstone and rock crystal.



FIGS. 16A-E. A GROUP OF DAGGERS ALL FROM THE DOUBLE TOMB EXCEPT 16E (11 INS. LONG). 16B is bronze, with a blue-stained ivory hilt covered with gold sheet and rock crystal pommel. 16C-D gives two views of a silver dagger with silver spirals on a red-stained hilt and amber pommel. 16A, a bronze dagger with a limestone pommel, has a wooden hilt sheathed in gold between silver bands and a lapis rivet.



FIGS. 18A-E. A GROUP OF SWORDS FROM BOTH TOMBS.

18A, bronze with a gold snake on the midrib, hilt gold with carnelian rivets; 18B, silver engraved with ships (see Fig. 2), hilt silver with gold dolphins; 18C, bronze, rock crystal lions with lapis eyes; 18D (a reconstruction) bronze, ivory leopard heads with red inlay, obsidian rivets; 18E, bronze with lapis pommel, and lapis dolphins on a gold hilt.

WE show here a selection of the splendid and, in some cases, obviously ceremonial, swords and daggers from the two Royal tombs of Dorak. No photographs whatever are available of this treasure, which was clandestinely excavated a number of years ago, but these are detailed scale drawings made by Mr. James Mellaart, an archaeologist of the highest repute, who has seen the actual objects. It should be emphasised that the colouring is not representational but schematic, i.e., designed to show the material of which each part was made. The blades are of bronze or copper, silver and, in the [Continued opposite.

FIG. 19. A FINE SILVER DAGGER WITH A GOLD MIDRIB. THE LION'S-HEAD POMMEL IS OF A PALE BLUE STONE AND NEPHRITE RIVETS PICK OUT A GOLD SHEET AND GRANULATION HILT.



FIG. 17. A SPLENDID BRONZE DAGGER (NEARLY 14 INS. LONG). The hilt is ivory, with carnelian studs and four gold double-spirals in the form of a cross.



[Continued.] case of the obsidian-hilted sword, of iron—which is fantastic when we bear in mind the third millennium B.C. date of the tombs. All of the weapons are of great beauty and richness; but outstanding among them are the silver sword with its frieze of ocean-going ships; the iron sword—its hilt carved from, of all difficult materials, obsidian; and the magnificent bronze sword with the lapis pommel and the pair of lapis dolphins, sporting on a gold ground between carnelian studs. Fig. 17 is especially curious, with its arrangement of double spirals giving it a quite obviously fallacious Christian look.

(Left and right.) FIGS. 20 AND 21. THIS SPLENDID IRON SWORD (ABOUT 2 1/2 FT. LONG) WAS IN A BAD STATE OF PRESERVATION, BUT ITS GLORY IS THE HILT, CARVED FROM A PIECE OF BLACK OBSIDIAN IN THE FORM OF TWO LEOPARDS AND INLAID WITH GOLD AND AMBER SPOTS.

FROM A SPIRIT HOUSE TO A GREASY POLE: SCENES OF LIFE IN NEW GUINEA.



A SPIRIT HOUSE IN THE MAPRIK DISTRICT OF NORTH-EASTERN NEW GUINEA. THIS MAGNIFICENT STRUCTURE, WHICH IS ABOUT 60 FT. HIGH, IS DEVOTED TO THE CULT OF THE DEAD. CARVINGS OF ANCESTORS HANG OVER THE ENTRANCE.



CHRISTMAS IN NEW GUINEA: CLIMBING A GREASY POLE FOR PRESENTS. THERE HAS BEEN MISSIONARY WORK IN THE TERRITORY SINCE THE LAST CENTURY. THE GOVERNMENT ADMINISTRATOR'S HOUSE STANDS ON THE HILL IN THE DISTANCE.



THE ART OF NEW GUINEA: A REMARKABLE FACE PAINTED ON PALM FRONDS SEWN TOGETHER. THE PAINTERS ARE UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE FOREMAN (SECOND FROM LEFT), WHO PAINTED THE EYES AND WHO DETERMINES THE PATTERN.



A SPIRIT STATUE WITH ITS OWNER: A CARVED WOODEN SCULPTURE THAT IS TYPICAL OF THE REGION'S ART. IT WOULD BE KEPT IN ITS OWNER'S HUT AND BROUGHT UP TO THE SPIRIT HOUSE ON FEAST DAYS AND CELEBRATIONS.

These pictures of two of the districts of north-eastern New Guinea give some idea of the colourful and culturally rich life that is led by its inhabitants. This part of New Guinea, which was once a German colony, is administered by Australia under a United Nations Trusteeship. The territory which, with Papua, is divided into fifteen districts, is principally mountainous with peaks rising to 17,000 ft. above sea-level. These mountains are covered with luxuriant forests where grow, in addition to the usual timber trees, coconut trees, sago trees, Indian nut trees and other nut trees. The principal exports are gold, silver, tin, coffee, cacao and copra. The population consists of so

many races that it can only be grouped under the name "Papua-Melanesian." With the impact of Western techniques and methods, their civilisation is naturally changing. In such a mountainous country air communications have quickly come into prominence and the growth of mining is quickly spreading the experience of new techniques amongst the population. However, they still retain much of their own civilisation, as can be seen in these pictures. Generally their religion is based on a cult of the dead, and their bright and colourful art, their remarkable spirit houses and the wooden carvings have their basis in this regard towards their ancestors.

CRANBERRY GLEANING BY SPEEDBOAT: A NEW DEVICE IN A U.S. INDUSTRY.



GLEANING BY SPEEDBOAT: A NEW TECHNIQUE, AT MARSHFIELD, MASS., FOR COLLECTING THOSE CRANBERRIES WHICH THE MECHANICAL CROPPER CAN NOT REACH.



THE AMERICAN CRANBERRY (*OXYCOCCUS MACROCARPUS*)—A CROP PLANT IN AMERICA AND THE CENTRE OF A 45-MILLION-DOLLAR INDUSTRY.

Plate reproduced by courtesy of the Natural History Museum.

THE American cranberry, which for many years has been the inevitable concomitant of the Thanksgiving Day turkey, is a different species from the European cranberry (*Oxycoccus palustris*) and has larger fruit. It is commercially grown in a number of States, Massachusetts and New Jersey being the best known, and its harvesting has developed into a 45,000,000-dollar industry. It is grown in bogs which can be flooded as required and the actual harvesting is naturally a tedious and costly task. Cropping machines have been developed, but these tend to leave the underpart of the crop ungathered. The technique we show is aimed to glean this remainder. After mechanised cropping, the bog is flooded and a shallow-draught speedboat is driven over the submerged vines. The turbulence detaches the fruit, which floats to the surface, where it can be drifted to one side and thence easily scooped up. This year the industry has been critically disturbed by a statement by the Secretary of Health, Mr. Arthur S. Flemming, that cranberries from Oregon and Washington which had been sprayed with a certain weedkiller had produced cancer of the thyroid in rats, and this statement, made on November 9, could hardly have come at a worse time, since the majority of the crop is bought for Thanksgiving Day (Thursday, November 26).



THE CRANBERRIES HAVE BEEN "PLUCKED" FROM THE UNDER-WATER BRANCHES BY THE SPEED-BOAT'S TURBULENCE, FLOAT TO THE SURFACE AND CAN BE CONVENIENTLY SCOOPED UP FOR PACKING.



"THE same impression when you visit the parks; both taste and scale are utterly different from ours. . . . These people adore the country; you have only to read their literature from

Chaucer to Shakespeare, from Thompson to Wordsworth and Shelley, to have proof of this. What a contrast with the Tuileries, the Champs-Élysées, the Luxembourg! . . . In an English garden, the kind they have invented and propagated, one is better alone, so that the eyes and soul can converse with nature. We have made a park of this design in the Bois de Boulogne, but there we made the mistake of building a group of rocks and waterfalls; its artificiality is at once apparent, displeasingly out of place, and English eyes would have perceived this."

The quotation is taken from Hippolyte Taine's "Notes on England" (my own translation published by Thames and Hudson), perhaps the most penetrating, as it is the most entertaining, book ever written by a foreign visitor about England. What did he find superlative? The gardens; gardening was an art the English had raised to sublimity. And what was the best thing about those gardens? The success with which "nature" was never quite abandoned, but always improved on.

That this is true can be seen at any Chelsea Show, or any international Florales. And nobody else can do it, which is curious. The French excel in the growing of fruit and vegetable, and in making what are not so much gardens as large drawing-rooms out of doors; the Italians excel in providing magnificent set-pieces of dark foliage and old stone for people to pose against; the Americans excel in plant-breeding—their great gardens are really English gardens; the Dutch are unrivalled at mass-producing flowers. But only the English can create a garden which, while it is made and maintained for the pleasure of men and women, can be conceived of as an improvement on the natural world, even were there no men and women to enjoy it.

This art consists in marrying the garden to the geology and climate of the region. Certain kinds of atmosphere, rock, soil, and contour welcome and readily take to themselves plants which come from far places but which clearly belong in that particular environment. And all this is why I am not quite sure—am, indeed, a little uneasy—about a piece of work I have in hand now in the garden, the making of a small, half-wild place of azaleas, rhododendrons and some other shrubs, underplanted with several lily species, all under our little stand of trees. The fact is that I am not sure I can make it fit into the landscape of this part of east Kent.

The undertaking has, moreover, entailed some extremely hard work, for literally tons of soil have had to be removed and transformed in quality by the use of much acid peat, leaf-mould, gravel. I had long hankered to do something of the kind but, not being able to afford it, firmly decided that it was the wrong kind of gardening for this part of Kent. Then, being at last able to afford it, I began to waver, and at last was persuaded to dismiss my fears by a visit to Bodnant garden, one of the most beautiful in the world and perhaps the most successful, with Wisley, in the matter of using the nature and lie of the ground as a home for plants which come from similar kinds of country in remote parts of the world. I should add that the shrubs which I am using for this work come from the Bodnant nursery at very reasonable prices, and that Mr. Charles Puddle, the curator of Bodnant, has been most kindly helpful.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

MARRYING ART TO NATURE.

By EDWARD HYAMS.

The flatness of the site has been artificially altered by the building of a long, low bank. The idea is to plant the azaleas, which are species, not hybrids, so as to cover the ground, in time. This creates excellent conditions for lilies, which, in most cases, apparently do best with their bulbs in cool shade, but their stems and flowers held up into the sun. The azaleas being dwarfish, the lilies can grow through them. Azaleas are not, of course, the only shrubs which can be used for this purpose—in fact, Woodcock and Stearn, in their great "Lilies of the World" (Country Life; 35s.), urge gardeners to get away from this convention

other shrubs, some of the berberis hybrids, for example, and two or three sorts of cytisus, and hypericum.

I was particularly enchanted, at Bodnant, with the blue rhododendrons, and am including in this planting "Blue Diamond" and "Blue Bird." Their flowers are not large, but they are extremely numerous, so that each bush or clump of bushes is, at maturity, and under the dappled light from tall trees, like an immense sapphire.

As to the lilies, I have already written on this page of an undertaking to raise a great many from seed but to keep up my courage while waiting for them to reach flowering size by buying a few bulbs. I will make this the first progress report and say that all the seeds planted of those kinds which germinate within a matter of weeks have, whether species or hybrids, germinated and grown in a very satisfactory way in their cold frame. As to the others, which take time to germinate, we shall see next year. *L. formosanum* seeds planted in the spring of 1959 have done well and will flower next year. Of some species I also have bulblets produced by planting bulb scales or bulbils. So that it looks as if the future will be a bower of lilies. Moreover, I am infinitely richer in bulbs of flowering size than I ever expected to be. It is a great thing in life to have a good and affectionate wife! My birthday present this year was a perfectly magnificent collection of diverse lily bulbs, from an impeccable source, moreover. So that already the new place has been planted with white martagons, pardaliums for which I suppose the pleasanter name is Leopard Lily, the graceful *L. canadense*, said to be one of the easier American lilies—apparently they are apt to be difficult—and some others. My present included some of those lilies which have been classified into other genera by the botanists, notably *Notholirion thomsonianum*—it seems to have no vernacular name, unfortunately. Knowing even less of this genus than of other, true, lilies, I went to my Woodcock and Stearn and discovered, at first to my consternation, that this lily comes from a dry part of the Himalaya and would, it seemed, be most likely to flourish with a wall or a rock between it and the north, so that the bulb would be well cooked by the sun. Consternation was premature; I suddenly realised that although that bank had been raised with its north side in mind, so that the bulbs would be cool while the stalks grew up into full sun modified by the intervention of some tree foliage, the bank had another face, the due south one, which I had been forgetting. The *Notholirions* have gone in along the foot of it, in full sun. We shall see how they like it.



AN EASY AND GRACEFUL AMERICAN LILY: *L. CANADENSE*. PARKINSON DESCRIBED THE COLOUR (IN 1629) AS "A FAIRE YELLOW COLOUR SPOTTED ON THE INSIDE WITH DIVERS BLACKISH PURPLE SPOTS OR STRAKES."

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

and suggest other suitable shrubs. But we wanted a place in the garden where we could grow azaleas and rhododendrons, anyway; nor is the whole area being confined to these species. In addition to the principal block of azaleas and lilies, there will be, as it were, smaller islands of prepared soil where dwarf rhododendrons can be planted and, again, more lilies. Between them we are using

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One of the great pleasures of gardening, as of all the arts, is in planning a work, getting the preliminaries right, considering whether this way will be better than that. I know that for the next several years I shall have a clear and splendid vision often in my mind as to what the new piece of garden is going to look like. That pleasure I shall have whether the result is what I am trying for, or not. It may very well be that some of the shrubs will refuse to grow, that despite precautions chalk will be washed in from other parts of the garden, that it will be too dry. We can, of course, use irrigation sprinklers, but that means watering calcifuges with water full of chloride of lime; some say this is fatal, others that it makes no difference. I believe that we shall achieve something good and pleasant, but it is likely enough that by 1963 or 1964 this part of the garden will look very different to that vision of it I now hold in my mind's eye.



THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—XLIII. SEDBERGH SCHOOL.



AGAINST THE STRIKING BACKGROUND OF WINDER FELL, WITH SEDBERGH AND ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH AT ITS FOOT: CRICKET PRACTICE IN PROGRESS.



LEISURE TIME ACTIVITIES IN A GAILY-DECORATED PREFECT'S STUDY, WHERE ONE BOY ATTENDS TO A VIOLIN WHILE ANOTHER READS A MAGAZINE.

Sedbergh School was founded in 1525 by Roger Lupton, a native of the district, who became Provost of Eton. It was saved from destruction under King Edward VIth's Chantry Acts by Thomas Lever, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge. During the 17th and 18th centuries it enjoyed a high reputation for scholarship and became the most important school in the north, although

Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency, Ltd.



SEVENTEEN OF THE EIGHTEEN SCHOOL PREFECTS ASSEMBLED BEFORE THE HALL, WHICH IS NAMED AFTER SIR FRANCIS POWELL, A BENEFICENT CHAIRMAN OF GOVERNORS.

the pupils were mainly drawn from the locality. During the Headmastership of Mr. H. G. Hart (1880-1900), the School began to attract boys from all parts of Britain, a practice which has continued ever since. Sedbergh is situated among the Yorkshire dales, ten miles east of Kendal, the gateway to the Lake District. The beauty of its setting has undoubtedly [Continued overleaf.]

SEDBERGH SCHOOL : SCENES AND ACTIVITIES AT A FAMOUS YORKSHIRE SCHOOL.



A CLASS IN ORNITHOLOGY STUDYING SOME FINE SPECIMENS OF BIRDS OF PREY. OPPORTUNITIES FOR BIRDWATCHING ON THE FELSLS ARE UNRIVALLED.



PRIVATE STUDY IN CHURCHILL ROOM OF THE LIBRARY, WHERE A FINE BUST OF A FAMOUS FIGURE OVERLOOKS ALL. THE UPPER FLOOR IS KNOWN AS THE BRACKEN ROOM.



THE FASCINATIONS OF PHYSICS. MEMBERS OF THE UPPER VI MODERN EXPERIMENTING WITH A COMPUTER AND CATHODE RAY OSCILLOGRAPH.



THE WELL-EQUIPPED PRINTING SHOP, WITH BOYS CARRYING OUT SETTING AND OTHER TYPOGRAPHICAL ACTIVITIES.



ORATORY IN THE SMALL HALL. A SPEAKER MAKING HIS POINT DURING A MEETING OF THE DEBATING SOCIETY. A RECENT OLD BOY BECAME PRESIDENT OF THE CAMBRIDGE UNION.



MORNING SERVICE IN THE SCHOOL CHAPEL, WHOSE FOUNDATION-STONE WAS LAID IN 1895. THE SERVICE IS BEING LED BY THE HEADMASTER (BACKGROUND, RIGHT).



SURROUNDED BY SOME OF HIS PREFECTS: THE HEADMASTER, MR. THORNELY, IN CONFERENCE IN HIS STUDY.



BELOW THE ORGAN IN THE POWELL HALL: THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA POISED IN READINESS FOR THE CONDUCTOR'S SIGNAL.



IN THE LIFE-PAINTING CLASS, WHERE TWO BOYS HAVE ADOPTED A CLASSICAL POSE OF COMBAT FOR THEIR FELLOW ARTISTS.



THE DIFFICULT ART OF WOOD CARVING: BOYS TACKLING SOME FIGURES AND WILD ANIMALS WITH ENTHUSIASM, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF MR. INGLES.



BESIDE A CONSTANT AND INSPIRING REMINDER OF A GREAT STATESMAN. THE LIBRARY WAS RECENTLY REDECORATED BY SIR ALBERT RICHARDSON.



BELOW THE ORGAN IN THE POWELL HALL: THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA POISED IN READINESS FOR THE CONDUCTOR'S SIGNAL.

Continued) had an abiding influence in shaping the character of its pupils, who now number over 400. Fishing, bathing in the local rivers, nature study, particularly birdwatching, are among the pursuits for which Sedberghians enjoy unrivalled opportunities. The School motto "Dura Virum Nutrix"—

stern nurse of men—suggests that hardihood and virility are among the qualities which Sedberghians admire, but they are pursued without any sympathy for "heartiness or an exaggerated cult of athleticism." The principal buildings comprise seven boarding Houses, the main teaching block

Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London

and Memorial Cloisters, the School Hall (named after Sir Francis Powell, a beneficent Chairman of Governors), the Chapel and Sanatorium. The Lodge and School Gates (designed by Lutyens) commemorate the quarter-centenary. An Art School presented by former pupils forms part of the

Memorial to Old Boys who fell in the Second World War. In 1951 Viscount Bracken of Christchurch, himself an Old Sedberghian, became Chairman of the Governors and personally commissioned the redecoration of the magnificent School Library which occupies the site of Lupton's original [Continued overleaf]

News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency, Ltd.

SEDBERGH: LIFE AT A SCHOOL FOUNDED IN 1525.



AMIDST THE BEAUTIFUL SCENERY OF THE YORKSHIRE FELS: SEDBERGHIANS PRACTISING FOR THE ANNUAL TEN-MILE WILSON RUN.



FOR CATCHING SALMON: MR. P. H. ASKEW, SON OF A LOCAL FISHERMAN, SHOWING A BOY A FINISHED PRODUCT.



WHERE ANGLERS PLAY THEIR TROUT: T. W. BOYD (LEFT) AND P. E. K. FUCHS—SON OF SIR VIVIAN FUCHS, AND HEAD BOY—FISHING IN THE RIVER RAWTHEY.



A COURAGEOUS ADVANCE IN THE FACE OF STRONG "ENEMY" FIRE: THE SCHOOL C.C.F. REALISTICALLY PRACTISING MODERN WARFARE.



RUGBY PRACTICE IN FRONT OF THE PAVILION: BOYS PASSING THE BALL ALONG THE LINE, UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF MR. MILLS.

Continued. school. Two years ago a Music School was added and, through the generosity of the Industrial Fund and of Old Boys, new and extensive Science laboratories were also built. Among the former members of the School's Contingent, recently inspected by Field Marshal Lord Alexander of Tunis, are three Old Boys who were awarded the Victoria Cross during the

last war. The name of Sir Winston Churchill is linked with the school through the Churchill Scholarships which are awarded annually to boys of Scottish birth. In addition, a fine bust of Sir Winston Churchill was specially commissioned for the Library, which was redecorated by Sir Albert Richardson, P.P.R.A. The present Chairman of Governors is Mr. C. M. Vignoles, C.B.E.

Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency, Ltd.

THE FUTURE OF PICCADILLY CIRCUS: ARGUMENT AND UPROAR OVER PLANS.



PROBABLY THE MOST FAMOUS SITE IN THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH, AS PICCADILLY CIRCUS WAS RECENTLY CALLED: AN AERIAL VIEW TAKEN IN JUNE. THE DOTTED LINE INDICATES THE PROPOSED LINE OF PAVEMENT.

BOTH the House of Lords and the House of Commons were the scenes of fierce debate on November 17, when Government spokesmen were subjected to severe criticism over plans for the development of the Piccadilly Circus site, details of which have already been approved by the Planning Committee of the London County Council. The main subject of dispute was the new building, 172 ft. high, planned for the north side of the Circus, which has a tower on a podium of two floors. A model of this building, which is to be on the Café Monico site, is illustrated here. Right down one face of the tower will be a vast space for illuminated advertisements, which will be changed with the aid of a crane permanently situated on the roof. Mr. Robinson (Labour) thought the proposal vulgar and unimaginative, while Mr. Bevan (Labour) asked for a planned development of the site which would satisfy national sentiment and not only the London County Council. In the Lords, Lord Conesford said, "What has London, in all its glorious history, done to deserve this fate?"

(Right.) SHOWING THE BUILDING, WHICH THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL'S PLANNING COMMITTEE HAS APPROVED FOR THE NORTH SIDE OF PICCADILLY CIRCUS, WITH ITS HUGE WALL FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.





THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



AS my review of "Animal Dunkirk" was going to press (see issue of November 14) it was learned that there were two more books about to be issued, and a note was inserted at the bottom of the page to say that the other two would be dealt with in a later issue. Three books about the Kariba Dam; so let me give the three titles, even although one has already been dealt with. They are: "Animal Dunkirk," by Eric Robins and Ronald Legge (Herbert Jenkins; 21s.); "Operation Noah," by Charles Lagus (William Kimber; 21s.); and "Kariba: The Struggle with the River God," by Frank Clements (Methuen; 16s.).

RETURN TO KARIBA.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

How far is one justified in speaking of the Kariba enterprise as a tragedy when it is one of the finest engineering feats in history? To answer this we must go to the historian's account, in "Kariba." There, Frank Clements tells us:

Already, the wall in the gorge seems to have been there forever. The dam thrusts itself into the still water like the prow of a fat mediæval ship, but the lake itself no longer seems to have connection with the

to sail, to fish, and, if the beaches are cleared and prepared, to bathe. . . . Probably, also, Kariba will attract visitors from the rest of the world, not to see the lake itself, for although it is fascinating to watch a sea being created, once it exists it is very like any other stretch of water, but to visit the new game parks which are to be established in two places on the Southern Rhodesian shore.

After all, the newly-created lake would contain the whole of Greater London and then stretch as far as Exeter in the South-West of England.

The Kariba Dam is built across the Zambezi, and the Africans living in that area believed there was a river-god that would thwart the efforts of the white man to dispossess them of their lands and impose his will on the river. Again and again, some accident during the course of the work gave an air of truth to this belief. The clearing of the trees in what was to be the bed of the lake was in order to make fishing with nets possible in the future. The Batonga interpreted this as evidence that the Government was deceiving them, that there was no real intention to dam the river, and that the real purpose was to take the land by cunning for farming and airstrips. The evacuation of the local people therefore became a complicated issue, ending in political turmoil and actual fighting. Perhaps it is not surprising that the future plight of the wild life was not so well catered for as some people had hoped.

What has the historian, in the person of Frank Clements, to say on this:

There are many people in Central Africa who hold that the expenditure on "Operation Noah" is a waste of money, and that the funds and men employed would be better used to improve and to protect the game parks. There are others who bitterly criticise the authorities for failing to mobilise volunteers and funds for rescue work on a spectacular scale. They complain that the facts have never been revealed and that untold thousands of animals have been left to die . . . it is difficult to arrive at the truth. . . . There are cynics who smile and say that it took a few pictures of half-drowned baboons to interest the overseas public in Kariba. The irony is that baboons in Rhodesia are classified as pests, hunted down and destroyed for the damage they do to the maize harvest. The courage of the men who have taken, and are still taking, part in "Operation Noah" has not been exaggerated.



IF KARIBA LAKE WERE IN ENGLAND: SHOWING HOW THE WATER WOULD EXTEND FROM THE THAMES ESTUARY TO THE WEST COUNTRY AT EXETER, SUBMERGING GREATER LONDON AND MOST OF THE THAMES VALLEY. THE LAKE WILL BE OVER 180 MILES LONG.

This illustration from the book "Kariba: The Struggle with the River God," is reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Methuen and Co., Ltd.

One reviewer has said that everybody should read at least one of these books, and, if possible, all three. Since I agree with this in principle perhaps my task must be the invidious one of making comparisons. But if, as is probably the case, most people will wish to be content with reading one only, the least I can do is to help them in making their choice—although it is still to be hoped that they will take the second part of my anonymous colleague's advice and read all three.

"Animal Dunkirk" is devoted to the rescue of game menaced by the floods, to the difficulties, the chances of success, and to the knowledge gained. "Kariba: The Struggle with the River God" surveys the whole project of building the dam: the events leading up to it, the difficulties encountered, and the aftermath in terms of present and future. "Operation Noah" is difficult to summarise briefly, except to say that the main text is in much lighter vein. It is, moreover, a joint effort. An introduction by Peter Scott is followed by an appeal for "Operation Noah," by Lieut.-Colonel C. L. Boyle, Secretary of the Fauna Preservation Society, whose almost fanatical devotion to the cause of wildlife preservation deserves wider recognition. At the end are notes by R. W. Hayman on some of the African animals mentioned in the text, and a postscript by Lieut.-Colonel R. A. Critchley, D.S.O., M.C., President of the Game Preservation and Hunting Association of Northern Rhodesia. It is illustrated by superb photographs, which is only to be expected, since the main author is a B.B.C. television cameraman, and the flavour of the television studio hangs around the book. It is established in the first paragraph of the Introduction and reinforced in the first chapter of the main narrative, which is more in the nature of a series of personal anecdotes wrapped around the pictures.

In short, "Animal Dunkirk" is more for the naturalist, "Kariba" more for the historian, and "Operation Noah" for those who prefer to take their tragedies comparatively lightly. The books are, therefore, not rivals but complementary and supplementary.

barrier at Kariba. Man's work has been dwarfed by the consequences of his own achievement. It is the great inland sea rather than the dam wall which will exercise the imaginations of men long after the power lines radiating from the gorge have become common-place. . . . No one can foresee the consequences of the lake. Certainly it will be large enough to have a measurable effect on the weather of the neighbourhood, and many of the Italians [who helped build the dam] believed that along the shores there would develop one of the greatest fruit-growing areas in the world. The extreme dry heat may well give way to a belt of warm humidity.

When the lake has reached its full proportions there will still be islands in it. These it is planned—or hoped—will be laboratories where scientists will be able "to study the rate of spread of genes and mutations in a closed population. More comprehensible to the layman are the experiments which they could conduct on the behaviour of parasites and their hosts, isolated in a private scientist's world which would more nearly reflect natural conditions than a laboratory."

It is planned to release 750,000 young fish into the waters of the lake by the end of 1963. Already the lake is producing a plankton growth which the experts find to be incredible in its fertility.

Once again, nobody knows what will happen. The fishery programme can equally well prove to be yet another expensive failure in the record of Africa, or a brilliant success which will raise the dietary standard of millions of animal-protein starved people. . . . Certainly Kariba will become a holiday resort for Rhodesians, north and south of the lake, who will go to the existing township of Kariba and the planned resort of Siavonga on the opposite side of the gorge,



A STEINBUCK IS EXPERTLY HANDLED BY ONE OF THE VOLUNTEER RESCUERS AS IT BEGINS ITS JOURNEY TO SAFETY: AN INCIDENT DURING THE GREAT KARIBA ANIMAL RESCUE—THE SUBJECT OF THE TWO BOOKS REVIEWED HERE.

This illustration from the book "Operation Noah" is reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. William Kimber.

But the scale and the scope of their achievements have been falsely drawn by journalists anxious to tell a dramatic story.

Conflicting attitudes exist towards game in Central Africa. There are those who hold that men and wild beasts cannot live together; that, in other words, you cannot develop a country as a farm and try to maintain it as a zoo; there are those who, for a number of reasons, the chief of which being that they like to hunt, wish to preserve game as much as possible everywhere; there are those that believe that game should be allowed to survive in reserved areas and game parks, not only as a tourist attraction, but because man has a duty to conserve the rich variety of flora and fauna with which the world has been endowed.

Kariba is an historical event in every sense of the word, with many burning problems. Clearly, the thinking persons should read at least one of these books—and if possible all three. And, to quote Frank Clements again, "In ten years' time, if you are interested, you will know the answer."

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



AN OUTSTANDING FURNITURE-MAKER: THE LATE SIR AMBROSE HEAL.

Sir Ambrose Heal, who has died at the age of eighty-seven, was great-grandson of the founder of the famous furniture business, Heal and Son, of Tottenham Court Road, London. A great designer, he controlled the firm for about forty years, during which time it expanded considerably.



A DISTINGUISHED HISTORIAN OF ENGLAND: THE LATE MR. G. M. YOUNG.

Mr. George Malcolm Young, C.B., who died on November 18 at the age of seventy-seven, was a great scholar, with interests ranging from history and literature to archaeology. Among his well-known historical works was "Victorian England: The Portrait of an Age."



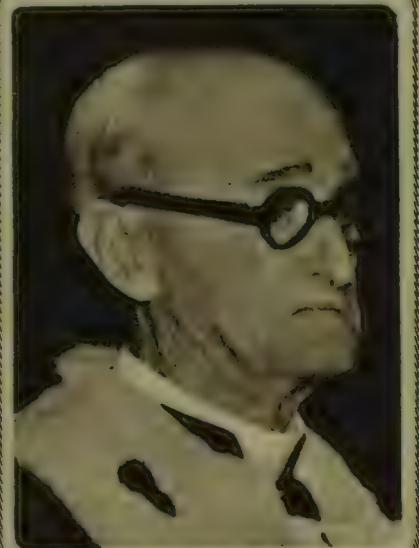
DEATH OF A FORMER WARDEN OF WADHAM COLLEGE, OXFORD: MR. J. F. STENNING.

Mr. J. F. Stenning, C.B., C.B.E., who was Warden of Wadham College, Oxford, from 1927-1938, died on November 18 at the age of ninety-one. After a brilliant early career at Wadham, he became a great authority on Semitic languages and on Old Testament manuscripts.



ARRESTED AFTER THE MURDER OF MR. BANDARANAIKE: MRS. V. WIJEWARDENE.

Mrs. Vimala Wijewardene, dismissed from her position as Ceylon's Minister of Local Government a few weeks ago, has been arrested by police carrying out investigations into the assassination of the late Prime Minister, Mr. Bandaranaike. The number of arrests is now seven.



CREATED A CARDINAL: MGR. W. T. HEARD, DEAN OF THE SACRED ROMAN ROTA.

Mgr. W. T. Heard, one of the eight newly-created Cardinals, is the first Scot to enter the Sacred College since the death of Cardinal Erskine in 1811. Educated at Fettes and Balliol, he began his career as a solicitor, subsequently studying for the priesthood and being ordained in 1918.



A FAREWELL PICTURE OF THE RETIRING AUSTRALIAN GOVERNOR-GENERAL, FIELD MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM (SEATED, CENTRE), WITH MEMBERS OF THE AUSTRALIAN ARMY MILITARY BOARD. With Field Marshal Sir William Slim, are (seated, l. to r.): the Adjutant-General, Major-General Wade; Minister for the Army, the Hon. J. O. Cramer; Lieut.-General Sir R. Garrett, Chief of General Staff; Major-General C. H. Finlay, Quarter-Master General; (rear row, l. to r.) Major-General I. Murdoch, Deputy Chief of General Staff; Army Secretary, Mr. B. White; Major-General D. Macarthur-Onslow, Citizen Military Force Member; and Major-General L. G. Canet, Master-General of Ordnance.



A FAMOUS BRAZILIAN COMPOSER: THE LATE SENHOR HEITOR VILLA-LOBOS. One of the world's leading composers, and Brazil's greatest musical figure, Senhor Heitor Villa-Lobos died after a cerebral hæmorrhage on November 15, aged seventy-two. Inspired in his music by Bach most of his life, his famous "Bachianas brasileiras" show a fascinating blend of Bach's style with traditional Brazilian folk-music.



THE HANDING-OVER OF HERMES: MR. L. REDSHAW, OF VICKERS-ARMSTRONGS, WITH CAPT. D. S. TIBBITS. The Royal Navy's latest aircraft-carrier (illustrated on our front page) was handed over by the ship-builders, Vickers-Armstrongs, in the traditional ceremony at sea, on this occasion twenty miles off the Isle of Wight. The ceremony took place after final power trials in the English Channel.



AFTER SWEARING IN: (L. TO R.) JUDGE AARVOLD, COMMON SERJEANT; SIR A. HAWKE, RECORDER OF LONDON; AND JUDGE TURNER. At a ceremony on November 17, Sir Anthony Hawke, the new Recorder of London, and Judge Aarvold, appointed Common Serjeant, were welcomed to their offices. Mr. Maxwell Turner received colleagues' good wishes when he sat for the first time as Judge of the Mayor's and City of London Court.



THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR: MR. W. W. WILLIAMS ON HIS 117TH BIRTHDAY. Mr. Walter W. Williams, who lives in Texas, recently celebrated his 117th birthday with the fine cake bearing mementoes of the Civil War. Covered with an electric blanket as protection against a cold north wind, Mr. Williams began his birthday with breakfast at 5 a.m.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA: EVENTS IN SALE-ROOM, GALLERY AND MUSEUM.



"MISS FLORA ROBSON, 1934," BY ANTHONY DEVAS: FROM THE MEMORIAL EXHIBITION OF HIS WORK AT AGNEW'S. (Oil on canvas: 24 by 18 ins.) (Lent by Miss Flora Robson, C.B.E.)



"MISS DOROTHY TUTIN, 1955," BY ANTHONY DEVAS: A CHARMING STUDY OF THE BRILLIANT YOUNG ACTRESS. (Oil on canvas: 14 by 14 ins.) (Lent by Mrs. Anthony Devas.)

Mr. Anthony Devas died in December of last year, at the age of only forty-seven. He was one of the most successful of modern portrait-painters, and the current memorial exhibition of his works at Thos. Agnew and Sons, 43, Old Bond Street, W.1, reminds one of the very high standard of professional skill which he maintained. Eighty-eight paintings are on view until December 19, and a number of well-known faces are round the walls. Besides the three theatre celebrities shown here, there are portraits of Laurie Lee, Count Benckendorff and Wilfred Thesiger.



"SIR ALEC GUINNESS, 1955": ANOTHER OF THE STRIKING PORTRAITS BY THE LATE MR. ANTHONY DEVAS. (Oil on canvas: 18 by 14 ins.) (Lent by Mrs. Anthony Devas.)



(Left)
SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S
FOR £13,500: "THE
REAPERS," BY
GEORGE STUBBS (1724-
1806). (Enamel colours
on Wedgwood plaque:
30½ by 41½ ins.)

The sale of Old Masters at Sotheby's on November 18 realised £261,000. The top price of £35,000 was for a portrait of a bearded man by Rubens, illustrated in our issue of November 14. The second price was the £34,000 for the Gainsborough portrait illustrated here. The beautiful late Stubbs landscape, painted on an oval Wedgwood plaque, realised £13,500. Another Gainsborough fetched £14,000.



SOLD FOR £34,000: "ANNE, COUNTESS OF CHESTERFIELD," BY GAINSBOROUGH (1727-1788). (Oil on canvas: 36 by 61 ins.)



"LA PRESSE," BY CONSTANTIN GUYS (1805-1892): ON EXHIBITION IN NEW YORK. (Pen and ink, with water-colours: 9 by 6½ ins.)

The current exhibition of 100 drawings in the Cooper Union Museum, New York, includes this drawing, which appeared in the *Illustrated London News* over 100 years ago, on April 1, 1848.



THE TAPESTRY ROOM FROM CROOME COURT, WORCESTERSHIRE, NOW INSTALLED COMPLETE IN A NEW YORK MUSEUM. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, has recently announced what can only be described as a *tour de force*. The magnificent 18th-century tapestry room in Croome Court, Worcestershire, designed by Robert Adam, has left England and been erected complete in the museum. Its superb furnishings include tapestries woven to specification by the Gobelins factory in Paris, and arranged in a peculiarly English way.



OFF TO GHANA AS ROYAL PASSENGER AND PILOT: PRINCE PHILIP BOARDING HIS SMALL *HERON* AIRCRAFT.

The Duke of Edinburgh left the De Havilland airfield at Hatfield, Hertfordshire, on November 22 for his flight to Ghana, where he was to pay a week's visit. He flew in one of the specially-equipped *Heron*s of the Queen's Flight, and for much of the time was himself the pilot. The *Heron* (an example of which is shown inset) is a small four-engined aircraft which normally carries between fourteen and seventeen passengers. Leaving before dawn

in a scene of fog and paraffin flares, the Duke's aircraft was later to have landed at Bordeaux for refuelling, but fog caused a diversion to Cognac, 117 miles away. That evening Prince Philip landed at the remote Sahara oasis of El Golea, where he spent the night. He was due in Accra the following evening. The *Heron* was not escorted, although another *Heron* of the Queen's Flight flew on the same course, half an hour ahead or astern.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA



IMPROVING PLAYERS.

By ALAN DENT

IT is a commonplace—though like most commonplaces it should be re-stated occasionally in case it gets forgotten—that actors can improve out of all knowledge. Not long ago I happened to mention—in the presence of Sir Laurence Olivier—that I had seen a touring company in "The Ghost Train" around 1924 when I was a peculiarly unsuccessful medical student at Glasgow. "Did you now?" said the great actor, pricking up his ears like a boxer (dog, not pugilist). And had I seen a curtain-raiser before it, and did I remember anything about it? Naively I fell right into the man-trap. All I could remember was that Miss Ruby Miller, the leading-lady of "The Ghost Train" company, was in it, and also a ridiculously raw young actor, one whose black moustache appeared to have been painted rather than to have grown. It dawned upon me even as I described him in these terms that I was addressing the self-same actor who merely laughed at my dismay, and said I ought to have remembered him as a railway-porter with hardly a line to speak in "The Ghost Train" itself.

In the film called "Libel" we see in Dirk Bogarde another actor who has considerably improved since his beginnings. This was a successful courtroom play in London when Mr. Bogarde was a small boy and probably had no thought of being an actor. Anthony Asquith, the film's director, gives the old play a thorough airing and a good overhaul. But its plot continues to be distinctly far-fetched. A Canadian officer (Paul Massie) visiting London accidentally sees on television a baronet and his lady showing their ancestral home to the televiewing public. He at once recognises in the baronet a soldier with whom he had been a prisoner of war in Germany. This soldier had survived, whereas the baronet—who had been strikingly like him and in the same outfit—had been killed. This baronet on public view was therefore—argues the Canadian—an impostor who had usurped the dead man's place.

The film is chiefly remarkable for the marked improvement in impersonation shown by Mr. Bogarde. No one ever bothered about credibility when Irving appeared in "The Corsican

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE



DIRK BOGARDE, WHO IS APPEARING IN "LIBEL" (M.-G.-M.).

"Dirk Bogarde," writes Alan Dent, "is a young actor who improves with every film he makes. In 'Libel,' directed by Anthony Asquith, he plays an English baronet who had such gruelling experiences as a prisoner of war in Germany that he suffered, and still suffers, from loss of memory. Is he the man he thinks he is, or an impostor who is his double and is taking his place in life? The film has the rather shaky foundation of a twenty-five-year-old drama which happened, unlike the film, entirely in a court of law. But Mr. Bogarde and Miss Olivia de Havilland, with the skilful assistance of Mr. Asquith, hold it together admirably. This film began on November 5 at the Odeon, Leicester Square."

turning out glossy magazines with names like *Elegance* and *The Teen-Ager*. How any of these magazines ever appear at all is a considerable mystery; for all the men are either sex-obsessed or alcohol-obsessed or both; and all the young women—plus Joan Crawford as an older one—are suffering from heartaches arising from more or less hopeless infatuations for various men, both in and out of these offices. Most of the faces—excepting, of course, Miss Crawford's—were very new to me and very young. But there was one other exception, an actor playing an amorous editor called Mr. Shalimar. Where had I seen these twinkling blue eyes before, that raffish air? Could it be an actor I had not set eyes upon for a quarter of a century at least when he was well known on the English stage? Could it be Brian Aherne? It could, and it was. Utterly gone was a kind of woodenness which used to dog him and clog his movements. A new elasticity had improved him and altered him almost, but not quite, out of recognition. As the rakish Mr. Shalimar—a deplorable editor who simply cannot keep his hands off his pretty employees—Mr. Aherne gives by far the most sparkling performance in this luscious but rather too hang-overish picture (glossy direction by Jean Negulesco). I can now well believe that his performance as Bernard Shaw to Miss Katharine Cornell's Mrs. Pat in the play-for-two now touring America called "Dear Liar" should be something well worth waiting for in London, though we shall probably have a long, long time to wait.

Most of—though by no means all—my colleagues have hailed Mlle. Bardot as a much-improved actress in "Babette Goes to War." This is a tame but game little farce about the French Resistance and the Gestapo—subjects and an atmosphere which seem to me inimical to farce anyhow. Mlle. Bardot dresses up as a spy, and



A SCENE IN THE PRISONER-OF-WAR CAMP FROM "LIBEL," IN WHICH DIRK BOGARDE PLAYS A DOUBLE ROLE IN THE WELL-KNOWN STORY OF FRAUD AND DUBIOUS IDENTITIES, NOW PRODUCED BY ANATOLE DE GRUNWALD AND DIRECTED BY ANTHONY ASQUITH. IN THIS SCENE DIRK BOGARDE PLAYS BOTH SIR MARK LODDON (LEFT) AND FRANK WELNEY.

The Canadian exposes the suspected fraud in a letter to a Sunday newspaper, and the baronet—a nervous individual who suffers from hallucinations about his past—sues the paper for libel. His gracious American wife (Olivia de Havilland) supports him right up to the climax of the case when she has a sudden misgiving about his identity after all. The baronet has had more than one misgiving of his own, and the Canadian has also shown signs of faltering in his convictions. However we have, as I have said, Mr. Asquith to keep things lively if not completely credible, and no court-case could ever come near to dullness—be the case credible or non-credible—which had two such opposing counsel as Robert Morley and Wilfrid Hyde White.

Brothers" or "The Lyons Mail" and played a double-role in each. Mr. Bogarde will probably look back upon "Libel" when he comes to survey his own career, very much as Irving looked back upon "The Corsican Brothers." He is, incidentally, obviously too modest a young actor to imagine for one moment that I am comparing him with Henry Irving. I am merely working out a far-flung analogy.

In "The Best of Everything" we are in the world of New York publishing, and for most of the time in the glossy offices of a glossy skyscraper



CAROLINE BENDER (HOPE LANGE) ARGUES WITH HER EMPLOYER, MR. SHALIMAR (BRIAN AHERNE): A SCENE FROM THE 20TH CENTURY-FOX COMEDY OF THE WORLD OF NEW YORK PUBLISHING, "THE BEST OF EVERYTHING."

undresses hardly at all, and has only one little wiggle and two little pouts. But she is perfectly and understandably content to be her pretty little self all through, and the question of acting, improved or otherwise, hardly seems to enter into the argument. There is one uproariously good performance in this film (which is not immoderately well directed by M. Christian Jaque) by M. Francis Blanche as a Gestapo Chief whose favourite word is—Kolossal! M. Blanche certainly seems a comic Colossus in his present company. He contrives something richly funny out of what would seem to be the unfunniest possible material.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"JOHN PAUL JONES" (Warner; Generally Released: November 23).—A stirring film of the astounding career of the Scottish sailor-boy who became an American commodore and finally a Russian rear-admiral.

"NORTH BY NORTHWEST" (M.G.M.; Generally Released: November 23).—An exciting new Hitchcock film which is a long list of the quite improbable but always exciting things that happened to Cary Grant when he was mistaken for an international spy.

"THE RETURN OF THE FLY" and "THE ALLIGATOR PEOPLE" (Fox; Generally Released: November 23).—Two sheer horror films for those who think that the modern life is not nearly horrible enough as it is.

UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPHS—NO. 16: THE MICROCOSM MULTIPLIED.



THE LIVING CELL—THE UNIT OF ALL LIVING ORGANISMS—ENLARGED IN A SIX-FOOT-HIGH MODEL.

This glowing and mysterious hemisphere is a model, enormously magnified, of a "generalised" human living cell. An even larger model, a hemisphere of 24 ft. diameter—in which, in fact, the magnification is 1 by 1,000,000—has been made from plastic by one of America's leading designers, Will Burtin, and its owners, the Upjohn Company of America, have shipped it to London to serve as the centre-piece of the B.B.C. television studio from which two programmes—"Science International" on "The Origin of Life"—will be televised on December 1 and December 8. The first of these programmes, "What is Life?" is concerned with the cell—what it is, what it does, how

it started. The second programme, entitled "The Last Scourge," is concerned with current lines of research into the origins of cancer in the light of what has already been discovered about the cell. Both programmes will be guided by Professor Michael Swann, Professor of Zoology in the University of Edinburgh; and Mr. Raymond Baxter, the only layman in the programmes, will question the experts. These experts, some in the studio and others in film recordings, include British, American, French and Russian scientists; and the second programme will include broadcasts from the Chester-Beatty Research Institute and the Research Institute of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund.

Photograph by Ezra Stoller.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION.

By J. C. TREWIN.

ACCORDING to tradition, drama critics in the theatre do not applaud. So far as I know, this ruling is not incised upon any tablet of stone. It is merely a convention that has developed across the years. Even if you have been levitated by the excitement of some major theatrical night, you are not expected, while airborne, to endanger your immortal soul, or to let down the side, by clapping.

Why this is, I have no idea. Possibly it is to show that, having sat loftily detached, you are now about to leave the theatre, unaffected by the noise around you, to ponder your judgment. Personally, student of tradition though I am, and hope always to be, I have usually come from any exciting event with aching palms, and if I have not been able to share in the applause (for, alas, this does happen) it has been a sharply-felt deprivation.

Now, when there is a sudden gap between two crowded weeks in the theatre and I am on the eve of going to "Richard the Second" at the Old Vic, a play that has meant much to me in the past, it seems a good time to talk about applause. Nothing is more exciting than cheering in full gale, not just an outbreak of fan-worship but a salute, a cry of gratitude. It is a player's highest reward; and it appears scurvy not to join the cheering simply because, shortly afterwards, you are to express your pleasure in print. The theatre is a torchlight procession of these excitements—agreed, the torches can be irregularly spaced—and we can look back across a shining trail. I feel for cynics (and here I am not talking of my colleagues) who profess to find no excitement at the play. I wonder what they will remember when they are old and have traversed an endless valley of dry bones under a rain of ashes.

It must be two years at least since an Australian correspondent asked me to tell him of the most stirring scene I recalled in the theatre. I replied then—and my mind remains unchanged—that it was the end of the matinée at the just-opened second Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon when Sir Frank Benson, with a company of Old Bensonians, acted in Stratford for the last time. On that Whit-Monday in 1932 the rainbow-silk curtain fell when Shylock left the strict court of Venice, and, as its folds dropped, I felt for the safety of the new roof. In fact, I doubt very much whether, in the theatre history of our day, there has been such an all-shaking thunder-clap as this, a farewell to a great figure of the Shakespearian stage. F. R. B. was not easily moved, but he was that afternoon.

Stratford has known other thunderous occasions in recent memory. I think at random of the reception of Donald Wolfit's Hamlet in 1936; the applause for Godfrey Tearle's Othello after the actor had encompassed the subtlest harmonies of the Othello music; and the dizzying succession of curtain-calls when Laurence Olivier appeared as (of all parts) Titus Andronicus, and re-established the tragedy in the theatre. And my palms tingled after his majestic Coriolanus this summer, fired in marble.

The Old Vic can show just as vigorously exciting a run (I discount certain nights when the cherubs aloft were less selective in their enthusiasm than they might have been). Take five occasions from very many in Waterloo Road: the end of Harcourt Williams's revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in 1929, when none would have guessed that Lilian Baylis had been not a little tactless a few moments before the performance

began; the night in the mid-'thirties when Miss Baylis, bringing on Ion Swinley, said that he would return as leading man next season; the sudden surprised shout when Dame Edith Evans came before the curtain, on the first night in the reconstructed theatre, to speak Christopher Hassall's "London, be glad! Your Shakespeare's home again"; the affectionate welcome to Robert Donat on his entrance as Eliot's Becket, the last part—though none could guess it then—that he would play in the living theatre; and the recent acclamation for Barbara Jefford's Beatrice Cenci, as rare a performance by a young classical actress as I have known.

yard on the night ensuing. What else? Possibly scenes on the last London nights of two plays that, theoretically, had failed. One, no doubt forgotten now, was "This Side Idolatry," a frankly not very good American piece on the life of Shakespeare, that yet managed to stir surprising emotion in its last audience. The company, led by the late Leslie Howard, came together in something very like inspiration; the audience responded to every mood and move. When this happens we can be carried to the heights. The other occasion was six years later, the last West End performance of "Johnson Over Jordan" in 1939, when at the close of a remarkable and fated play that has still its firm advocates, J. B. Priestley came up to speak from the side of the stage.

Those plays did not endure in the West End. Let me go from them to the première of "Oklahoma!" at Drury Lane (1947), a piece that would run on in London for years. Although advance publicity had been strong enough, in those days the American "musical" had not insisted so fiercely on its merits, and "Oklahoma!" had a fresh and astonishing impact. At the final curtain the company could have gone on singing its *reprises* all night: a device that has since been employed elsewhere to cloak a less than exuberant response.

Theatre history is starred, of course, with nights of praise: it is impossible to survey them in an article. I am sorry—at a venture—not to have known the thirty-five curtains after the Haymarket "Havoc" of 1924 (Henry Kendall, Leslie Faber, and Richard Bird were the leads in Harry Wall's war play). Irving's first nights have been minutely charted: for the imaginative the sound must linger sometimes on the midnight air by what was once the Lyceum. And, if I were to choose to visit any occasion in the history of the stage, I might take Macready's farewell at Drury Lane on February 26, 1851. At the end (if I may quote myself) the theatre rose at him for the second time that night. "The last of the Mohicans!" cried a voice from the upper gallery. For a few minutes the actor stood and bowed repeatedly to the waving, clapping, cheering throng, while outside, people who could not enter the theatre, but who had waited patiently for the end, added their own cheering, so that the sound of Macready's farewell was borne away on the rainy wind towards Covent Garden and across the complex of little streets he had known for thirty years.

Six years before, there had been a memorable night when the four greatest dancers of the time, Taglioni, Cerrito, Carlotta Grisi, and Grahm shared in a *grand pas de quatre*, received at Her Majesty's with near frenzy. I thought of it only a few hours ago while watching a gracefully mischievous re-creation by four dancers of the Festival Ballet, Toni Lander, Marilyn Burr, Anita Landa, and Jeannette Minty.

There need be no pause in such an article as this. But let me stop at one of the most charming letters I have read in a newspaper lately, Sir Donald Wolfit's letter to *The Times* in which he says he once spent a week's holiday singing to seals on a loch in the Western Highlands: "Six or seven seals would gather for an hour's session. They preferred Hebridean songs, traditional settings of Shakespeare's songs, and some of the better music-hall tunes. If I changed to modern jazz rhythm, they dived and disappeared." Delightful: I agree that this is Dr. Burton's province, not mine, but I do wish Sir Donald had told us the names of the modern songs that defeated the seals. And I hope that at other times (and unlike drama critics at the theatre) they welcomed the concert with tingling flippers.



AN EXCITING DUEL SCENE FROM THE ROLAND PETIT BALLET, BASED ON THE FABULOUS EXPLOITS OF EDMOND ROSTAND'S "CYRANO DE BERGERAC": THE LITTLE MARQUIS (LUCIEN MARS, LEFT) IN COMBAT WITH CYRANO DE BERGERAC (ROLAND PETIT). THE BALLET OPENED AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE ON NOVEMBER 18.



SALOME (ANN PARSONS) DANCING FOR KING HEROD (HELMUT MELCHERT) IN THE COVENT GARDEN PRODUCTION OF THE OPERA "SALOME," WHICH OPENED ON NOVEMBER 13.

But it is hard to choose among the storms, the benevolent storms. Some linger in mind because of the setting. One of them followed the Old Vic company's improvised production of "Hamlet" in a ballroom at the Marienlyst Hotel, near Elsinore, after the first Kronborg performance in 1937 had been rained off. In the packed ballroom, waves high beyond its windows and fierce gusts of rain blurring the lights of the Swedish shore, this production on its cabaret stage (as if a crowd of strolling players had arrived and resolved to let fly) proved to be a miracle of quick improvisation: the Danes acknowledged it, just as they acknowledged the full performance in the Kronborg court-

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"KOOKABURRA" (Princes).—Musical comedy with an Australian setting. (November 26.)



THE GREAT BALLERINA, DAME MARGOT FONTEYN, WHO, AS ITS PRESIDENT, HAS ORGANISED A GALA MATINEE IN AID OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF DANCING, TO BE PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Dame Margot Fonteyn, President of the Royal Academy of Dancing, has organised a Gala Matinée of ballet, in aid of the Academy, which was due to be given on Thursday, November 26, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, in the presence of the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra. The highlight planned for the afternoon was the world première of Frederick Ashton's

pas de deux for Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes. The story and music come from Glazunov's "Raymonda." Another item in the programme was their appearance in the *pas de deux* from "Casse Noisette," which they have danced only once before in London. The opening item of the programme, "A Moral Tale," was performed by students of the Royal Academy of Dancing.

Exclusive photograph by Houston Rogers.

THIS week I propose to divide this column into winners and losers as opposed to my normal practice of dealing with fiction and non-fiction in more or less water-tight compartments.

A definite winner is *ADMIRALS IN COLLISION*, by Mr. Richard Hough. Last week I referred to a book on the sinking of the *Andrea Doria* which, because of the loss of the Italian liner's log, will remain one of the greatest sea mysteries of all time. As spectacular, and far more horrifying to the general public of that time, was the sinking of H.M.S. *Victoria*, the flagship of the Mediterranean Fleet while on manoeuvres off the Syrian coast in 1893. It was a time when the Royal Navy was at the height of its power and the peak of its reputation. Admiral Tryon, the Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet, was one of the most popular officers of his time; bluff, genial and brilliant. He was noted for the unorthodoxy with which he put the fleet under his command through unusual evolutions. So great was his prestige that when he gave the order to the Fleet to turn inwards two-by-two at a distance of six cables, neither his second-in-command, Admiral Markham, in H.M.S. *Camperdown*, nor his Flag Lieutenant did more than faintly query the fact that the Ironclads had a minimum turning circle of eight cables. The result was appalling. H.M.S. *Camperdown's* ram bit deeply into the *Victoria*, which sank within a few minutes with great loss of life, including that of the Commander-in-Chief.

Mr. Richard Hough has admirably reconstructed a disaster which called in question the whole training, discipline and tactics of the greatest navy the world had ever seen. One extraordinary by-product of the Court Martial and the enquiry which followed was that that absurd weapon, the ram, so useful in a trireme, had a further lease of life due to the effectiveness with which H.M.S. *Camperdown* sank her consort! Mr. Hough is greatly to be congratulated on an absorbingly interesting book on a subject which the world has forgotten.

Another winner, though it consists of a series of sprints rather than a 4-mile, 2-furlong race, is Mr. Peter Ustinov's *ADD A DASH OF PITY*. I remember Mr. Ustinov, as a small boy of seven or eight, speaking, in those days, a mere three languages, coming into his parents' drawing-room and giving a perfect imitation of the wireless announcers of eight nations. The announcements in the five languages which he did not know were, nevertheless, despite the fact that he was talking gibberish, in exactly the right cadence of the language concerned. His mastery of "Sprachbetonung" was already impressive. Since then he has become—if such a many-sided and cosmopolitan being will forgive such an Anglo-Saxon name—a virtual "Admirable Crichton" of the arts; a brilliant actor, playwright and now, as this book shows, a master of the dying art of the short story. (For all I know, he may also be secretly as admirable an artist as his mother, Nadia Benois; he is that sort of man.)

I found myself greatly moved by the story from which the book takes its title and I had tears of another sort in my eyes—tears of helpless laughter—over his hilarious description of the bullfight. Only occasionally, as in the last story of the book, did I find something to criticise—perhaps a rather too mannered treatment of Mr. Ustinov's undoubted perception of the differences between military men of differing nationalities. This is so small a criticism that in making it I find myself wondering whether I am not, in fact, merely trying to find something at which to cavil in this wholly delightful book.

Another author on whom the punter would be wise to place his money for the shorter sprints at Ascot, is that ever-to-be-admired Mr. Paul Jennings. Here is a fresh collection of those splendid pieces which enlivened my Sunday morning in the columns of the *Observer*, but, unlike so many reprints, they read as freshly as on their first appearance. Mr. Jennings' new volume, pleasantly illustrated by his wife, is called *IDLY ODDLY* and shows him to be the genius-par-excellence of the boggling imagination. No advertisement in the *Birmingham Chamber of Commerce Journal* for "Brass Spur Teeth Grommets" or for "Brass Thimbles for Airships" can fail to start the imagination oscillating. It is a peculiar type of humour, finer even in some ways than that of James Thurber, whom, on occasion, Mr. Jennings resembles. I will give him, therefore, two statements for his next collection over which my imagination has been boggling for years past. The first was in Tokatlian's Hotel in Istanbul in 1938, where a notice stated: "No foreign laundress is allowed in the rooms after ten o'clock"! The other was on the top of a London bus about ten years' later, when the lady in front of me said to her companion: "Of course, my

A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

dear, she *knew*, it was a *ridiculous* thing to do in August, in Notting Hill Gate"! I look forward to seeing what Mr. Jennings does with those sloe-eyed washerwomen or that enigmatic British housewife—if housewife indeed she was! In the meantime, here is one Christmas problem solved for you.

Mr. Eric Ambler is an author who can be relied on over almost any distance (I suppose his publishers' blurb writers must already have thought

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

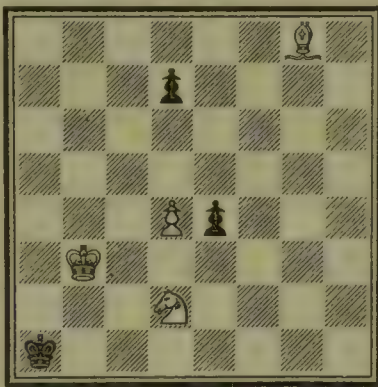
SUCH is the complexity of chess that even some of the principles considered simple and straightforward can be quite baffling.

Take the task, for instance, of winning with a lone queen against a lone rook. The text-books make this look almost childishly simple. But try it against a friend without the help of the books and you would, I predict, find it by no means easy.

Some twenty years ago C. J. S. Purdy desperately went into this ending—from the wrong side—in the Australian championship, and his opponent failed to mate him within the fifty moves the law allows.

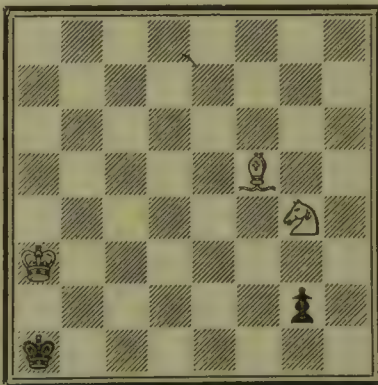
Mate with bishop and knight is at least as difficult. It can always be forced; the "books," again, show how. But it's so hard that I seriously believe half the chess players in this country could not do it, in the fifty moves, against a resourceful enough opponent.

I am reminded of this by two interesting problems of 1959 vintage. The first is from Latvia, by V. Hebel: *White* (playing up the board) *to move and force mate in three*:



The solution is simple and tidy: 1. K-R3, and if 1... P-Q3, 2. B-R2, etc.; if 1... P-Q4, 2. B-R7! And if 1... P-K6, 2. Kt-Kt3ch. Find the mating moves!

The second is from the U.S.A., by T. J. Dibble: *White to play and win*:



As Black is coming down the board, nothing can stop him from promoting his pawn next move; but...

1. Kt-K3, P-Kt8(Q); 2. Kt-B2ch, K-Kt8; 3. Kt-Q4 dis.ch, and now if 3... K-R8, 4. Kt-Kt3 is mate, whilst if 3... K-B8, 4. Kt-K2ch wins the queen. White is left with K, B, Kt against K, which is automatically a win—according to the books!

Bright idea: Black promotes his pawn to a knight: 1... P-Kt8(Kt)! Not good enough: 2. B-Kt4 traps it and White's king comes across and gobbles it up.

of the slogan "Forever Ambler." If not, I present it to them with my compliments!) and his latest effort *PASSAGE OF ARMS* is as exciting and, at the same time, as funny, as one could wish. The hero is a most improbable little man called Girija Krishnan who turns from being a dreamer into a gunman because of the influence on him (of all improbable things) of an English bus-body manufacturer's catalogue. You must read the book for yourself to discover how the little Bengali got involved in his adventures. Some have adventures thrust upon them, but few seek them out as the result of a mission to get a genuine English bus company operating in an up-country district in South-East Asia!

Now for two each-way bets. The first is *PORTRAITS OF GENIUS*, by Beatrice Saunders. This is a series of sketches of some twenty-two authors, ranging from Montaigne to Tchekov. Miss Saunders says:

I have never approved of the deliberate "debunking" of authors, for that is to write without mercy or tolerance. If, however, I have idealised these men, I must protest that love is a little blind; when we love someone dearly we unconsciously overlook many faults.

This is well said, and the reader will find no Lytton Strachey in these pages. Her choice is, in some cases, impeccable; for example, Raleigh, Bacon, Bunyan, Pepys, Johnson, Horace Walpole and Dostoevsky. In other cases, peccable; Parson Woodforde, while entertaining, could hardly be described as a genius. Carlyle was, and is, a bore, while of four of her other choices, Cooper and Blake were brilliant, but insane; Lamb was slightly insane; while Benjamin Robert Haydon was probably insane and certainly no genius. However, this will make a most agreeable bedside book and one is grateful for the author's self-proclaimed approach to the subjects.

Another each-way bet is *WIFE TO GREAT BUCKINGHAM*, by Hilda Lewis. This is the life of the wife, neglected by historians, of the first Duke of Buckingham (of the second creation); the great, flamboyant, attractive and unfortunate, George Villiers. I find Mrs. Lewis's book most agreeable reading.

Before I go on to the losers, I must confess that I read *THE CROWN AND THE CROSS* with mixed feelings. Mr. Frank G. Slaughter, the author, is, I am informed, "among the top contemporary novelists both here and in America" and that his novels, "historical, medical and biblical have sold over a million copies." This may well be, and good luck to him! His life of Our Lord told for the benefit of the Eleven Plus children who comprise the adult population of the great Western democracies, is inoffensive in the strictest sense of the word and, indeed, Mr. Slaughter, who, I am also told, drew upon the Dead Sea Scrolls as well as the New Testament for his "bible - told - to - the - television-watcher," writes fluently and, at times, agreeably.

I could have wished that Group Captain Townsend's book *EARTH IS MY FRIEND*, a description of his travels round the world, had not been written. In the first place this gallant if unfortunate individual does not know how to write. In the second, his views on theology, to which he treats us at no small length, are nonsense to the point of being emetic. There is one passage on page 343 about which I could make a most unkind remark, but I nobly refrain. The photographs, however, are excellent.

Two other disappointments, by two authors whom I immensely admire. One is Paul Gallico's *THE HURRICANE STORY*, which gives the impression of a one-thousand-word article about that wonderful aircraft (but when you have heard it described as a wonderful aircraft twenty or thirty times, you begin to doze) expanded into a full-length book. Here again, the photographs are quite excellent.

For Mr. Eric Linklater I have nothing but admiration. Some books become part of one's background as a life-long reader; for example, "Juan in America" and that most delightful of all tales for children "The Pirates in the Deep Green Sea." *THE MERRY MUSE* is about the discovery of a bawdy manuscript by Robert Burns and the disturbing effect it has on all who read it from Edinburgh to South-East Asia. It is funny enough in parts, but is worth little more than a good short after-dinner story. It certainly isn't, in my opinion, up to my Linklater standard—even allowing for my distaste for Mr. Jabberwock Burns himself!

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- ADMIRALS IN COLLISION*, by Richard Hough. (Hamish Hamilton; 18s.)
- ADD A DASH OF PITY*, by Peter Ustinov. (Heinemann; 15s.)
- IDLY ODDLY*, by Paul Jennings. (Reinhardt; 10s. 6d.)
- PASSAGE OF ARMS*, by Eric Ambler. (Heinemann; 16s.)
- PORTRAITS OF GENIUS*, by Beatrice Saunders. (Murray; 25s.)
- WIFE TO GREAT BUCKINGHAM*, by Hilda Lewis. (Jarrolds; 16s.)
- THE CROWN AND THE CROSS*, by Frank G. Slaughter. (Jarrolds; 18s.)
- EARTH IS MY FRIEND*, by Group Captain Townsend. (Hodder and Stoughton; 25s.)
- THE HURRICANE STORY*, by Paul Gallico. (Joseph; 12s. 6d.)
- THE MERRY MUSE*, by Eric Linklater. (Cape; 16s.)



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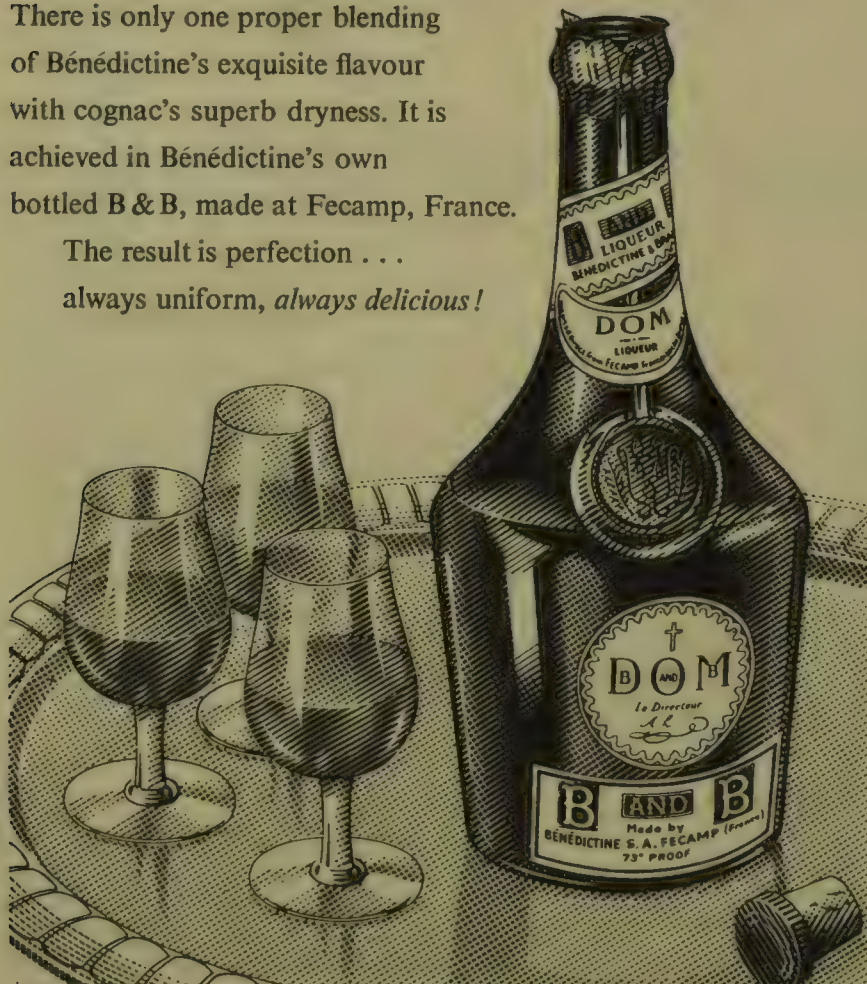
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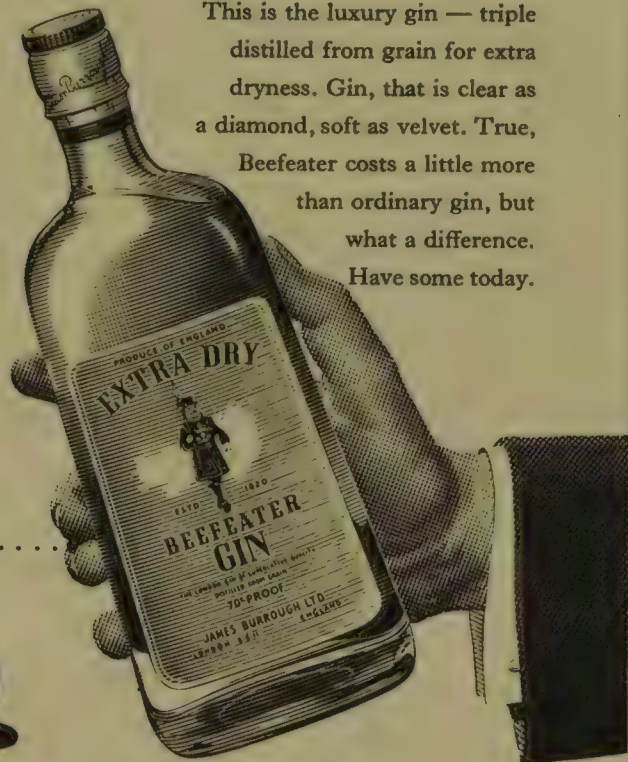


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Other paintings have turned up to compensate for these blows. Ireland, who gains the Lane pictures, has let England acquire some rolls of old canvas which turned out to be five huge Guardis.

The French painter, Valtat, has been creating great interest. Almost unknown in his lifetime, Valtat is being called the link between the Impressionists and the Fauves, many of whose characteristics he displayed several years before 1905, the year of the first Fauve exhibition. Three of his works are at Tooth's.

The year 1905 is also chosen by Marlborough Fine Art as the beginning of the great period of modern German painting, covered by their exhibition "Art in Revolt." Too many people have labelled German 20th-century painting "Expressionist," with mild distaste, without troubling to explore its subtleties. The same people might be expected to pass similar judgment on three talented contemporaries recently showing in London: Leonard Rosoman and Jacob Bornfreund, at Roland, Browse and Delbanco; and that highly imaginative Goanese artist, F. N. Souza, at Gallery One.

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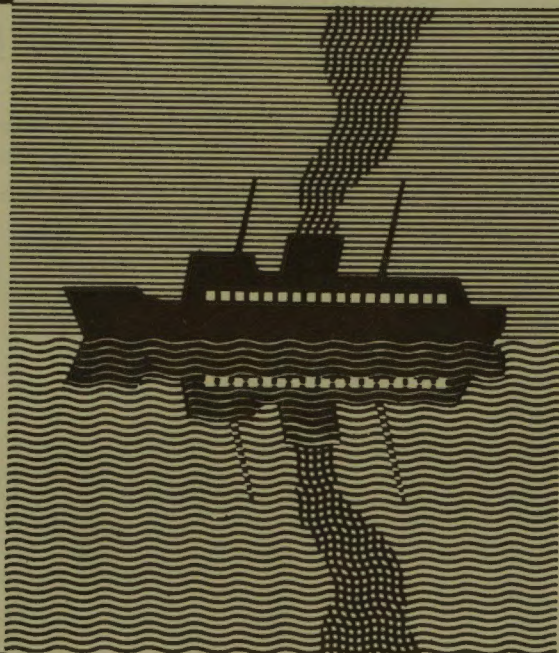
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